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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Contents	637
Current Comments. By Derek Walker-Smith	638
Laughter. By Piers Clerk	647
Agricultural Notes. By Rusticus	649
National Defence and National Agriculture. By Dr. Cloudesley Brereton	653
Speculations Upon a Triple Alliance. By Dr. Hermann D. F. Kirchhoff	664
Some English Inns. By S. P. B. Mais	677
Unit Trusts in the Balance. By Sir H. Cassie Holden, Bart.	691
The Sailor King. By E. T. S. Dugdale	697
Notes from a Garden Seat. By C. H. Middleton	707
Foreign Affairs. By Sir Charles Petrie	711
Altarwise by Owl-light. By Pamela Hansford Johnson	719
The Royal Academy. By David Woodford	733
The Theatre. By Philip Stockil	736
Gramophone Notes. By W. A. Chislett	739
Book Reviews	742
Correspondence	749

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The English Review

29th Year of Publication

CURRENT COMMENTS

By Derek Walker-Smith

June, 1937

Friendly Pageantry

THE Coronation passed off very well. It was a very good show; and Englishmen, as we are so often reminded, love a show. The excellence of the show appears, however, to have impressed also others besides Englishmen. The foreign representatives thought well of the proceedings, of the procession, and of the crowds that congregated. Our technique on these occasions is rather different from that which obtains in Russia. There they delight in the ostentatious display of death-dealing instruments to their various foreign visitors. The effect is a peremptory order that the foreign visitors should love Russia, with the alternative pointed only too clearly. There were very few death-dealing instruments in the Coronation procession. No aeroplanes roared overhead, and not a single tank heaved its ponderous way along the route. The display of man-power was good, but ceremonial. The authorities succeeded, in fact, in producing a great pageant, which was not a threat. It is perhaps the only country in Europe in which the same would have been done at this time. Only ancient and secure monarchies can combine such self-confidence with such lack of aggression. There is no doubt that the foreign representatives felt this atmosphere in the air of England, and felt also the friendly disposition of the British people to them. It

is perhaps becoming an antiquated conception of hospitality to want to make your guests feel at home, instead of merely in danger. It is, however, none the less welcome on that account.

An Imperial Zollverein

EVEN more important than the effect on our relations with Europe is the influence on opinion in the Empire. The Coronation is a great Imperial occasion, and a reminder of the unity of the people which comprise the Empire. Effect is hoped to be given to the prevailing imperial sentiment by the machinery of the Imperial Conference. It is too early yet to assess the true value of the work done by the Imperial Conference. My own heart sank a little when I saw a picture of the delegates in Conference. There seemed to be far too many of them. I do not believe that from such large assemblies—the photograph might almost have been taken at Geneva—much practical good emerges. We have the right to assume, however, that the pleasant speeches and easy generalization will be followed by more detailed schemes of Imperial co-operation. With regard to trade, a promising announcement was made by the Prime Minister of New Zealand, which may be the harbinger of closer economic relations with that country. But in the economic sphere our first duty, as has been stressed before in these columns, is to promote a closer economic unity between this country and the non-self-governing parts of the Empire. The cardinal mistake of British policy in the last century was the sacrifice in the 1840's of the chance of creating an Imperial Zollverein to the large profits and quick fortunes of the free trade manufacturers. The apparent prosperity which followed this mistake has unfortunately blinded many to the fact that it was a mistake; and for this reason our statesmen are the more reluctant to profit by the lesson. It is our urgent Imperial business to see that such a Zollverein is created to include those parts of the Empire over which our legislative jurisdiction still extends. The tardiness of approach to this matter is a reproach to our statesmanship, and is

further not easily explicable. As an able young Conservative politician once expressed it: "Nobody has ever been able to think of any argument against a Customs' Union with the colonies, except that it is advocated by Lord Beaverbrook." If this is not considered an insuperable objection, there is much yet to be done. The creation of such an Imperial Zollverein is the best guarantee of its own extension: the advantages which it would be able to offer would attract the Dominions for their own self-interest.

Imperial Defence

THOUGH since the War trade and economics have been in the forefront of Imperial thought, they are at the moment taking a place secondary to the urgent business of Imperial Defence. The Dominions are generally apprehensive that they are going to be asked to do something which may in their view infringe their equality of status or to make a substantial contribution to Imperial Defence. In fact, the advent of the Air Arm, which has in so many ways complicated the strategic position of this country, has in this respect been helpful, for it is cheaper to maintain an adequate Air Force than to have a Navy or large Army. General Fuller, in his new book "Towards Armageddon," is illuminating on this matter. He says: "The truth is that more and more is the burden of Empire Defence being loaded upon the shoulders of Great Britain; for, although strategically the Dominions have never been independent countries, they are likely to become less and less so as long as the British Navy is considered to be the pivot of their defence. . . . While no dominion can to-day afford a fleet sufficiently powerful by itself to safeguard her trade and keep open her sea communications, and while no dominion can as yet afford a mechanized army of any size, all dominions can afford small but highly efficient Air Forces. . . . The foundations of military power will not as heretofore be concentrated in the hub, but will be distributed throughout the circumference of the Empire. The whole picture of Imperial Defence will thus be changed; for no longer will the Dominions mainly

depend for their security upon Great Britain, but Great Britain will in a large part depend for her security upon the Dominions. Then and then only will they become true partners in the Empire, taking their full place in it strategically as well as politically. When equality in risk and responsibility is thus accomplished, the Commonwealth of British nations will accord in fact with its constitutional formulæ." This is at once the easiest, the most obvious, and the most satisfactory path to Imperial co-operation in defence. It is to be hoped that progress will be made along these lines.

The Bus Strike

WHILE the thoughts of our statesmen are on these Imperial questions, domestic politics have been brought home to Londoners by the continued bus strike. By the time these words appear in print one of two things will probably have happened. Either the strike will have been called off; or else it will have secured the aid of other transport services. It is unlikely that the busmen can meet with anything but failure, if they continue unsupported. The fact is that substantially the strike has been a failure. People have shown a great power of adapting themselves to new circumstances, and the dislocation of life and business has been considerably less than might have been anticipated. And as for the Coronation, so far from throwing that into chaos, the main effect of the strike was probably to facilitate the arrangements. The strikers have also succeeded in forfeiting public sympathy. At the commencement, their case aroused a good deal of sympathetic interest, especially amongst the rich, who did not use the buses anyway, and had a fellow feeling for those whose way of life rendered them dyspeptic. Sympathy was less acute amongst the poorer classes, who received remuneration at a considerably lower rate than the disgruntled bus drivers, and to whom the increased difficulties of travel, added to a long day's work, meant in some cases inconvenience even more intolerable than dyspepsia. Be that as it may, the attitude of the London Passenger Transport Board has been beyond reproach.

On the finding by the Court of Enquiry that the busmen had established a prima facie case, the Board at once expressed their willingness to have these matters subjected to the detailed enquiry, which, according to legal and logical practice, is the appropriate sequel to a prima facie finding. It was generally agreed amongst responsible trade unionists that no employers could have done more. Had the busmen been wise, they would have appreciated this attitude, and would have agreed to this course.

Leadership versus Left-Wing Doctrine

It was not for want of good advice that the busmen pursued the course which in fact they did pursue. Mr. Bevin and other responsible leaders of the Transport Workers' Union were understood to counsel an acceptance. By a considerable majority, however, this advice was rejected by the busmen delegates, who preferred the course of endeavouring to extend further the strike amongst transport workers. This procedure is very like an attempt to hold the community up to ransom. The mentality which dictates it seems to be one which is not interested in an enquiry into its grievances, but only in an effort to impose its will upon the community by threats and direct action. Such an attitude has brought a considerable volume of protest. The Liberal Spectator has said that such action will do more to forward the cause of Fascism in this country than many Sir Oswald Mosleys. What is no doubt in the mind of the writer is that the community as a whole will resent a system which provides no machinery for checking such tactics. It is also interesting, however, to speculate upon the effects of such tactics by the Left-Wing elements in the Trade Unions upon the more responsible leaders. The great difficulty in the administration of Trade Unions is the lip service which its leaders are compelled to pay to the creed of International Socialism. The effect of this is that it is always possible for the more revolutionary elements to put pressure upon the more practical by calling the members at large to witness that the moderation of the latter is treason against the theories of Karl Marx. It is this fact which has prevented patriots or able men

in the working classes of any country from remaining permanently in the ranks of orthodox international Socialism. If a man is patriotic, constructive, and anxious to do practical good, it is infuriating to have his proposals judged, not in the light of their utility and practicability, but against the visionary yet arbitrary standards of Left-Wing revolutionary doctrine. Thus it was that Mussolini took the course which led to Italian Fascism; thus it was with some of the Führer's lieutenants in Germany; thus it was with M. Doriot in France, of whom Sir Charles Petrie writes on another page. Thus it may be one day with working class leaders in this country. If it is so, the irresponsibles in the Trade Union movement will have only themselves to thank.

Events and their Significance

POLITICAL events crowd the stage so rapidly in these days that many find that the time required to note them leaves none for their digestion, or for the comprehension of their significance. The tremendous expansion of the newspaper industry has not left us necessarily better informed about the events which are going on about us, and which may have their effect upon us. When one reflects on the enormous volume of news matter, prophecy and conjecture turned out in this country alone on the subject of the late Italo-Abyssinian War, and remembers how wide of the mark nevertheless people in this country for the most part were, the point is evident with sufficient clarity. To-day, we are equally saturated with news and views about Spain and the other European storm centres. A conscientious but unimaginative commentator on monthly events might laboriously note the various happenings, so far as he could check their accuracy; and his readers might have a clearer view of the situation as a result of it. Or, on the other hand, they might not. It is still possible for a quiet thing like the publication of a book to have more proper significance than more tumultuous or more vainglorious events. Recently there have appeared two books of first-class assistance in the study of where, in fact, this country stands to-day. They are General Fuller's

"Towards Armageddon"* and Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "Count your Dead—They are Alive!"†

General Fuller and Mr. Wyndham Lewis on War

BOTH of these books have a title somewhat sinister and macabre. Neither author finds it necessary to apologize for this rude intrusion into the assured complacency which is the dominant characteristic of the political thought of the day. Both are concerned with the possibility of another war which, in certain circumstances, they see as a probability. Both are concerned, too, with the measures necessary to avoid that possibility. General Fuller, as a soldier, is concerned primarily with the strategical side, but he has shrewd things to say on the political issues also; Mr. Wyndham Lewis devotes himself mainly to the political aspect, but does not lose sight of the strategical question. Both deprecate the idea of war, but each is far more concerned that we should not involve ourselves in a war that is unnecessary, misconceived in origin, undertaken through mistaken motives, and wrong. Such a war would be an aggressive war against Germany undertaken by this country in the interests of the Soviet or its European states. If the politicians and the Press of this country will condescend to be rational about Herr Hitler and his Germans, and will stop working susceptible and ill-informed people into a paroxysm of unnecessary alarm, it should not be difficult to avoid this disaster. But only if we are rational. A little while ago Mr. Garvin wrote: "If another and a worse catastrophe of Europe is to be averted at all, let us, for Heaven's sake, try to enter into the souls and minds of other people; and to understand circumstances, convictions, and aspirations totally different from our own."

National Sovereignty and the International

THIS is what Mr. Wyndham Lewis has done, and his book is a brilliant analysis of the circumstances in which we find ourselves over against Germany. Mr. Lewis sees Herr

* "Towards Armageddon," by Major-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller. Lovat Dickson, 6/-.
† "Count Your Dead—They are Alive!" by Wyndham Lewis. Lovat Dickson, 7/6.

Hitler as the representative of National Sovereignty, defending the right of the German people to self-determination against the League of monopoly states, which would make of the sovereign peoples of the world a chain store, controlled by the ruling minds of Litvinoff and his friends. This is what he says: "What Herr Hitler has aspired to do is to merge Germany in the League of monopoly states, and it would of course follow that he would have no need for an army at all. For there is no point in having any army if you are not to be allowed to have what is adequate for self-defence. If you abandon the conception of National sovereignty, then the idea of self-defence, too, becomes a thing of the past. If you belong no longer to yourself, but to Everybody, then clearly nobody would have anything to gain by attacking and invading you. You would be theirs to all intents and purposes without their going to that trouble. As a province of the International you would be safe from everything except the International. As to that rebellion would be useless."

National Sovereignty and Ourselves

MR. LEWIS has entered into the mind of Germany all right. But what about ourselves? Here he diagnoses an odd situation. "We see our country, or what is still supposed to be that, abandoning its (or our) sovereign rights of the Nation, and (without consulting us) amalgamating with other nations. And we see such countries as Germany and Italy standing up for our rights (since to stand up for the principle of the sovereign state is to stand up for us). . . . As Englishmen, we can only find this situation painful and perplexing. We see our own house falling into decay. We ask if we may not do something about these misery spots and distressed areas. We are told, 'No. It is your duty first to attend to the members of the International Brigade of Madrid. Or to the financing of Jewish refugee students; or the famine-stricken population of Russia.' And when we say we want to do that, but we want first of all to attend to our own people, we are scornfully told that we are 'Fascists.' We still, that is obvious,

cling to the old individualist notion of the Sovereign State!"

Both Mr. Lewis and General Fuller take the view that Sovereign States—that is, those peoples who insist on the right of self-determination against internationalism, monopoly, and the complicated cross-workings of cosmopolitan usury—have in them the stuff of permanence and strength. This is what General Fuller writes: "The truth, as it appears to me, is this: that the whole materialist philosophy upon which the greatness of the nineteenth century was founded is to-day challenged. Something different is abroad, not money-making, but what I have called life-making—the transcending of the material. Those nations which are smitten by this vision must prosper in spite of adversities. Those nations which are not must creep into their dotage, in spite of their wealth!"

The Sin and the Saving

THE problems before us, which are discussed in these two books, are by no means academic. Every patriot—and, indeed, everybody possessed of the instinct for self-preservation—should read these books for themselves. General Fuller and Mr. Lewis have both recently contributed to the ENGLISH REVIEW. The editorial columns of the ENGLISH REVIEW have also insisted on that new philosophy; I also believe in the Sovereign State. The mere avoidance of war, which a proper understanding of our position will give, is much. But it is not everything. We want, too, the fullest national life for our people; and for the attainment of that also a proper understanding of our true position is a condition precedent. Whatever else Germany may have to teach us, they certainly have provided a lesson in effort and self-reliance. Let us, too, remember that

> "On our own head, in our own hands,
> The sin and the saving lies."

Laughter

By Piers Clerk

"I COULD never understand why it was precisely the English critics who reproached me with a lack of a sense of humour, until I perceived that this was their way of getting rid of something which made them uncomfortable."—KEYSERLING

This sense of humour, to which a mystical value has been attached, is associated with strange facial contortions.

In laughter, a man tries to put his cheeks in front of his eyes, which he screws up more tightly than in weeping or in sleep. When he laughs hard he sheds tears, and in extreme laughter he puts his hands over his eyes. All this is to make himself blind.

He roars with laughter so that he can hear nothing.

By prolonging the period of breathing-out at the expense of the period of breathing-in he diminishes the protective sense of smell.

He shakes with laughter. That is to say, he disturbs the quiet action of the lungs without which adequate control of the limbs is impossible.

He rocks with laughter. That is to say, he upsets his sense of balance, the first necessity for defence or attack of any kind.

During laughter there is a rush of blood to the head which confuses the brain. That finishes his control and intelligence.

A man's natural weapons are his hands and his feet. These are put out of action in laughter by the dislocation of the senses and control. The hands flop about and it is as much as the feet can do to support the body. One reserve weapon remains to be wrecked.

It is long since man's teeth were an offensive weapon, yet, true to his ancestry, when he laughs he sets his mouth in the most helpless position possible: the jaw is dropped and drawn back so that all the foxiness is taken out of his face and the biting muscles become ineffective.

Still the gesture is not complete. In full laughter three general positions of the body appear. First, a throwing up of the head to expose unprotected the traditional vital

spot, the throat. Second, "doubling up with laughter," which exposes the back of the neck as in the traditional gesture of submission. Third, the effeminate supine position.

To sum up the gesture, in its full form: a man becomes helpless with laughter. Laughter, then, is a powerful anæsthetic and a sign of blatant disarmament.

James Sully wrote in his *Essay on Laughter* (1902): "The old merry laughter of the people has lost its full resonance" and "In our time it seems almost more natural to associate a laugh with a funeral ceremony than with a dinner party."

Thirty years later, Ludovici wrote: "In private houses no remark is listened to that does not provoke a laugh or a smile."

So the herd passed from merriness into gloom and from gloom into hysterics.

After losing our faith, law, land and manhood, we turn shiftily to a sense of humour, and exalt that which requires neither courage nor wisdom to a position almost equal to divinity. Shakespeare knew the type when he made Brabantio say:

"We lose it not so long as we can smile."

Yet the gesture itself provides as grim a commentary on the character of the type which turns to humour for an alternative to a clean conscience as could be made by any object of the humourist's weak attack.

This is no time for anæsthetics or disarmament, nor are such the characteristic ideals of men whose breed is to survive.

Not long ago, Sir Oswald Mosley boasted that a few months after politicians of the older parties had foretold early death by ridicule for his movement, special discriminating legislation had to be passed to check its growth.

What had happened to the much-advertised, democratic sense of humour? It was left behind by people who had the undemocratic attribute of believing the beliefs they professed.

Agricultural Notes

By Rusticus

A RAILWAY journey across England a few days before the Coronation showed a decided change from April conditions. Wheat and oats looked healthy for the most part. In North Staffordshire, Lancashire and Cheshire there was feverish activity with the potato plant. Much of that land which must have been flooded out a few weeks back looked to be well drained and working easily. There was also a brilliant greenness in the Midland counties and the impression of prosperity that is conveyed by the first appearance of bloom on stock. You realize why May was the month of rejoicing in Merry England before the days of covered yards and abundant concentrates. After a winter of salt beef that first flush that in the monotony of modern industrialism coincides with the season of strikes and unrest meant fresh food, health and contentment.

* * *

As these notes go to Press, so my soya beans are planted. If this summer is going to be anything like the last my enthusiasm for the "wonder" bean will cool. Last year my stock was reduced to the level at which I commenced three seasons ago. However, the survival of the fittest is a first principle in any form of breeding, and what seed lives to tell the tale of sunless summers at 800 feet above the sea must be an achievement. This time I am planting the nucleus of seed back in the garden and not taking the risk of a total loss under farm conditions. The soil there is well inoculated with the necessary bacteria and the chance of damage by hares and other pests is less remote. The trouble with the soya bean is that once the plant is well grown, game and stock of all descriptions will seek it out in preference to any other crop. It is the eternal problem of the choice crop on too small a scale to survive its attackers.

Later on this principle is always well illustrated by my cherry trees. At the moment the very opposite is the case as far as the corn is concerned.

I think never have I had less trouble with rooks than

this year. It is undoubtedly due to the fact that so many farmers have found themselves in the same belated circumstances that these usual torments of the planting season have been frustrated by an *embarras de richesses*.

* * *

I was talking the other day to an Australian on the subject of shearing lambs. Out there it appears that only the very early maturing crosses escape the clippers and that it would be impossible to find a merino hogget that had not been clipped as a lamb. They believe that a lamb does better when shorn, that its hogget clip of wool is worth more and that it is immune from fly attack. Of course, if there was no substance in the first two contentions the liability to blowfly in Australia would always make clipping a virtual necessity. The point is that the clipping is said to be worth the trouble both financially and as far as the wool is concerned. In Great Britain the practice is almost obsolete, but I use that word advisedly as it was formerly not at all uncommon to shear the lambs. My Australian friend said that the difficulty was the care required and the need of machine shears. I was able to inform him that in the West Country before the days of the machine, it was the young people's privilege to clip the lambs. Very often they served as a barber's block for the young man who was serving his long and necessary apprenticeship to the shepherd.

I have never shorn lambs in my time, although I think the operation would pay for the labour as the wool may fetch even more per pound than the fully grown commodity. There must be some advantage in any operation that will improve the fleece as a whole. A near neighbour who has a world-wide reputation as a breeder of the local sheep of my district has always clipped his lambs.

* * *

Estate Woodlands is the name of the booklet just published by the Royal English Forestry Society. It has already been the subject of a leading article in *The Times* and of a broadcast talk. Everyone must sympathize with an attempt to grapple with the problem of afforestation

from the point of view of the private owner. It is right, too, that the initiative should move from a landowners' society, and not be a pert suggestion from some group of political busybodies. It is the landowner who possesses the opportunities for replanting most of the traditional forest areas cleared during the War, and also for raising the supply of hardwoods that are certain to be in future demand. It should always be remembered that the Forestry Commission has to content itself with inferior soils, and is obliged to achieve a short-term political objective before it can tackle the broader aspects of forestry.

Estate Woodlands recognizes the fact that land is a trust, and points out that whereas under-farmed land may be the fault of the tenant, a woodland area that is in a bad state is the landlord's sole responsibility. It attempts to assist him in various particulars. It shows how taxation may be used to assist the woodland owner, especially in connection with death duties. It deals with the treatment of unthinned and over-thinned woods, and especially of obsolete coppice, where the covering hardwoods were felled during the War. The subject of reproduction both by plantation and natural regeneration is touched upon, and lastly there is some reminder of the assistance that can be obtained in the matter of marketing.

I personally have read each page with profound depression. It has created in me a sense of shame and momentary helplessness. I have acres of oak and ash ground covered with worthless coppice. The senseless clear felling in the War has given even the ash little chance to regenerate. I have only begun to plant in the limited way that resources allow, and there are years of work to be done. I am sorry, too, that *Estate Woodlands* provides no short way of overpowering the rabbit, except the costly wiring operations, with which I am too well acquainted. However, I derive some consolation when I read that " it is probable that the cultivation of woods will become more profitable than it has been in the past. Great natural forests have been ruthlessly exploited in many parts of the world, and it becomes increasingly costly to extract timber from the less accessible forests that remain." This, alas, is too true.

Every tree that is planted improves the character of a people and the climate of their country. Timber is half-way between a cereal and a mineral, and may yet save the lives of posterity, when coal is exhausted or unobtainable by reason of industrial unrest. Let us hope that, in this country, our woods will never be subject to the vandalism so common in the New World, or become such depressing sights as our mining areas. The Royal English Forestry Society is to be congratulated on the part that it is playing in creating a new interest in our most urgent national problem.

* * *

Farmers will be delighted, on personal grounds, that a knighthood has been conferred on the President of the National Farmers' Union. They may be a little apprehensive at the suggestion that he has received a bribe from the Government at a critical stage in Agricultural politics. However, it is for him to show that he can take an honour and not lose his virtue or his relentlessness If some apprehensions are slightly raised, we must derive consolation from the fact that a short time back Sir Reginald Dorman Smith asked the President of the Board of Trade a very pointed question. Alarmed at the prevalent intention to revive our export trade at the expense of the home market, he asked the extent of our foreign investment. He was informed that, while no exact figure was available, it was about £3,800,000,000.

National Defence and National Agriculture

By Dr. Cloudesley Brereton

THE German rearmament slogan, "guns or butter," is well known. Under our rearmament scheme (to parody the old Jingo song), we shall probably have the guns, possibly the men, certainly the money; but the extra bread and butter needed if war breaks out is still unprovided for. Nothing but a combined policy of guns *and* bread and butter can give us complete security. It is therefore amazing to think that up to the time of writing this article no practical steps have been taken to replenish the national larder. One would have thought in view of the dangers of invasion and possible starvation, that the food front was of equal importance with the re-equipment of the services. Lack of food in time of war affects alike the fighting forces and the civil population. An army marches on its stomach, as Napoleon said; and a half-famished population behind the lines and its reaction on the men at the front are one of the most powerful levers for breaking one's opponents' spirit, without which no permanent victory is possible. This is a lesson that Germany learnt by bitter experience in the last war, when the nation was reduced to living largely on substitutes. And though the population at the present time find themselves living on short commons, their Government have been steadily accumulating an immense supply of fresh and preserved food. As well as expanding her agriculture to its utmost capacity, Germany has recently, in spite of her financial difficulties, been a large buyer of wheat on the international market. A clear proof is afforded by the large increase in her storage accommodation. According to *Agriculture*, the semi-official journal of our Ministry of Agriculture, she raised last year her storage accommodation for wheat and rye to seven million tons—an increase of 46 per cent. in the number of store-rooms, and 53 per cent. in capacity. Sweden, again, one of the most pacific of nations, has none the less been pursuing a policy of making herself self-supporting in war time; and last year she succeeded in doing so.

Nor can the Government plead that the question is a novel one. As far back as 1905 it was referred to a Royal Commission. The majority reported adversely, but an influential minority, even at that early date, made a strong plea for increased home production. Nothing was done. But when the War broke out, the findings of the minority were abundantly justified. Although we started with six months' supply of wheat, we were in 1919 down to fourteen days' supply, and only five days' supply of sugar, owing to the depredations of the U-boats. After the War reconstruction was the order of the day. A sub-committee on agricultural policy was appointed to consider the question of maintaining adequate food supplies, and a scheme was adopted for keeping up the wheat area at home by a guaranteed price of ninety shillings a quarter. Then came a sudden blast of deflation at the behest of Big Finance and the Bank of England. Prices fell in a vertiginous position. The scheme could easily have been saved by the introduction of a sliding scale, but the Government took fright, and liquidated the whole thing on lines which permanently crippled those farmers who had been unwise enough to buy their farms at boom prices, relying on the Government, and helped to throw agriculture into the slough of despond from which the Government's half-hearted efforts have so far failed to extricate it.

When, then, in January 1936 the armament crisis arose, the need for revictualling as well as rearming this island fortress of England seemed to offer the Government a golden opportunity to bring in a comprehensive scheme of which the core and centre would be the re-establishment of English agriculture on sound lines. They adopted, however, exactly the opposite course, and during the early months of the year maintained on the matter what can only be described as a conspiracy of silence. It was left to private members in the House from time to time to express the growing anxiety. During the three days' debate on Defence, Mr. Lloyd George stated that the Government seemed to have ignored the most important element in the defence of the realm—the provision of food. Yet, at the end of the debate, all that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would

say was that the matter would not be lost sight of. And so, in spite of protests from such authorities as Lord Ernle (Minister of Agriculture during the War), Sir E. H. Ruggles-Brise, and Major Dorman Smith, nothing was done.

However, a group of young Conservatives, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mr. Cartland, Mr. P. Donner, Mr. Lennox Boyd, by persistent badgering brought out the striking fact that we had only ten days' storage accommodation at the ports and mills, and only ten days' wheat supply. To counter the uneasiness this aroused, Sir T. Inskip, the Minister for Co-ordinating National Defence, stated that we had really three months' of wheat and flour in store, if all mills, silos and bakeries were included—just half, in fact, of what we began the War with! However, the pertinacious questions of this "ginger" group finally drove Mr. Baldwin from his "wait-and-see" position. As late as April 2nd he had said a national committee was unnecessary, but on the 24th he altered his tone. A committee under Sir William Beveridge was appointed, which has since sent in a report. But to judge from the meagre information vouchsafed, it merely dealt with the problem of rationing. Later on, another committee was appointed to study (1) the storage of all foods for use in emergency; (2) expansion of the production of food at home; (3) protection of food supplies from over the seas. But when questions were asked before the rising of Parliament on the steps to be taken to secure the expansion of home production, Sir Thomas Inskip said he had nothing further to report—which was probably true, though not in the sense he meant! During the recess a resolution carried at the annual conference of the Conservative Party only drew from the Minister for Agriculture yet another non-committal statement. After the opening of Parliament, similar replies were vouchsafed by the Prime Minister and Sir Thomas Inskip, which, as someone once said, pilot the bewildered inquirer between the Scylla and Charybdis of "yea" and "nay" through the channel of no meaning. But in November an influential deputation (Sir A. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill, Lord Trenchard, and others) on the need of establishing a national stock of food to last for several months, roused our Prime

Minister to appoint yet another committee—this time under the Board of Trade!—"to combine and complete the formation of plans, control, and distribution of foodstuffs for defence purposes"; but with the usual snag in it that home production was to be left to the Ministry of Agriculture! This jig-saw series of committees reminds one of Mrs. Beeton—so many ways of cooking the hare, but neglecting that good lady's advice that first it is necessary to catch it.

In February (it is now nearly five months ago!) Sir Thomas Inskip, speaking at a farmers' dinner at Fareham, raised the hope that at long last something tangible would be done. He emphasized

> "the need to increase agricultural production so that the claims upon the Navy and Mercantile Marine might be reduced in event of war. The Government had such an obvious motive (obvious only after twelve months!) to encourage the agricultural industry to grow more, that it would be surprising if the Minister of Agriculture and his colleagues were not very active in considering measures to that end."

One can only assume that Sir Thomas's mind has been hibernating for a whole year over this, one of the most important branches of his duties.

Unfortunately, the new Minister for Agriculture seems to have caught the same sleeping sickness that has affected his colleagues—"You have called me too early, let me slumber again"—seems to be his motto. Here is a sample of his methods. When questioned on April 24th by Mr. De La Bere on what he was going to do to remedy the shortage of agricultural labourers, he referred him to the answer given to Mr. Drewe on April 12th. Mr. Drewe had already been referred to the answer given to Major Stanton on January 19th. On reaching this answer, we find that it amounted to a pious hope that the Government would make conditions more attractive both for employer and employee on the land! The procedure, if somewhat infantile, seems strangely analagous to that much favoured by small boys years ago. They often wrote in their school books:

> "If you want my name, just look and see;
> You will find it on page one hundred and three."

The guileless inquirer who looked at page 103 found such words as "see page 201." He looked at page 201, and found the words, "sucked again, see page 63." If he looked at page 63, he found the same words, "sucked again," and was referred to yet another page. Evidently Mr. Morrison thinks we farmers are a race of "suckers."

Some of his utterances have been not only ambiguous, but alarming. He spoke of war being "now a remote and disturbing possibility" (a matter that does not seem to have struck his naval and military colleagues) as a reason for having a policy which could be steadily pursued in time of peace. Unhappily, war and peace are no more in his hands than the weather. Farmers wish it was! His other speeches have been equally delphic. One paper has said that farmers are amazed at the *multiplicity* of his speeches. I think *duplicity* would be a better word. The only straightforward statement he has made is that the poultry question will not be tackled until after the Coronation—cold comfort, indeed, to the despairing poultry-keepers.*

Surely there can be no parallel to such a record of inertia, dilatoriness and deliberate procrastination. The Government have had nearly eighteen months to review, consider, combine and complete their programme; yet none of their plans seem to have left their pigeon-holes, and it is doubtful if some of the most important have even got so far.

There is indeed no doubt that our vulnerability is far greater than in 1914. This time we have embarked on a vast rebuilding programme, but battleships take something like four years to build, and cruisers nearly two. In cruisers we are still in a far inferior position than we were in 1914. Less than a year ago we had only twenty available for convoying, as against seventy. Yet in the last war we were unable to bring home the corn we purchased in

* It is true that his latest utterances (at the Imperial Conference) seemed to adumbrate, as far as one can judge from the fragmentary reports that have appeared, a certain increase in home production, but British farmers have been so often deluded by specious promises, which even when *set down in black and white* have been subsequently repudiated, that nothing but concrete proposals will secure from them that co-operation which Mr. Morrison, in another recent speech, desired.

Australia, which was left rotting on the quays of Adelaide. (Incidentally, one quarter of last year's supplies came from Australia!) Moreover, unless we come to some agreement with Mussolini, the Mediterranean, through which not only our Australian, but Indian, supplies normally come, would probably be a *mare clausum* to our freight ships. The present U-boats are infinitely more powerful and have a far wider range. Moreover, we have 2,000,000 less tonnage than in 1914, while the Navy to-day is run on oil, and many also of our merchant ships. Again, 98 per cent. of this oil comes to us from abroad, and the bulk from neutral countries. This means we shall have far less ships available for food. Even the question of manning the Navy in war-time, as the First Lord of the Admiralty has admitted, is going to be a serious problem. In the interests of cheapness we have allowed the foreigner with lower wages to half-ruin the fishing industry. There has been the same steady flight from the sea as there has been from the land. Since 1914 the number of fishermen has fallen by 12,000, or roughly 37 per cent. Where are all the minesweepers to come from, quite apart from recruits for the Navy? Even if they are available, there will be few fishermen left to supply the nation with one of its most important items of food.

But undoubtedly our greatest peril will come from the air. The present heavy bomber has a radius of 750 miles. This alone seems to render the Mediterranean impossible for our unarmed, and certainly unarmoured, merchantmen. I have been told on the highest authority that the smoke screens with which such vessels would certainly be provided, is of such a nature as to cover a whole ship, leaving, however, the funnels exposed, which would render the convoying cruisers equally helpless. No doubt the latter would carry fighting aircraft, but would they always have time to sight the hostile aeroplanes and engage them? It is very doubtful. Not merely the high seas, but the narrow seas, and even the entrances of many of our ports will be highly dangerous. It is true we are now busily building aircraft, though the Nuffield episode was highly disquieting. But our biggest factory (at Bristol) employs only 7,000 hands,

and Germany's biggest has 40,000. Moreover, Germany is so busy in utilizing her shipyards for the purpose, that she recently turned down an offer to build oil tankers from an international company, who propose to employ its frozen assets to the tune of ten or twelve millions for the purpose. And yet Germany is badly in need of money, as is shown by the system of barter. I have been told that Nicaragua is chock-full of more or less useless machinery, exchanged for coffee; and Yugoslavia has enough aspirin to last for a hundred years. It looks, in fact, as if, what with hostile U-boats and aeroplanes, we shall find ourselves in the position of a beleaguered fortress, mainly dependent on our own supplies of food. Food is, indeed, not only our first, but our last line of defence. To rely on other nations is to rely on a broken reed. The Danish Prime Minister, when recently over here, boasted of the way in which Denmark supplied us with food during the War, and how, in the event of another war, she would still be sure to supply us. According to an official report:

> "When the War broke out, Denmark for the first few months increased her exports of agricultural produce to Britain, while at the same time, however, Germany began to increase her purchases of agricultural produce. . . . As the War went on, the increased prices of food by Germany led to an increase . . . exported to that country, and a decrease in the quantity exported to the United Kingdom."

Never was that saying truer: *Timeo* DANAOS *et dona ferentes*

What, therefore, is the amount of food necessary to secure our position?

According to two of the greatest authorities on the subject, Sir Charles Fielding and Sir Herbert Matthews, both of whom were in the Department of Food during the War, and have made a lifelong study of the subject, we need a year's supply of wheat. If, then, we err on the side of moderation, and budget for ten months' supply, how are we to secure it?

First, the Government should extend the wheat quota on which the industry receives the full rate of payment from six to eight millions. With wheat over nine shillings

a cental (it has been as high as ten shillings), the cost to the Exchequer would be far less than last year. This, of course, means waiting now till the autumn. Further, to prevent all this wheat being "cashed" at once by the farmer, a small bonus per month after February should be paid to the growers to keep the wheat in stack. Some, of course, would have to be threshed to provide straw for the cattle, etc. But if two-thirds of the wheat were kept in the stack, it would give us two months' supply during the lean months of the year; secondly, if millers who have largely increased their storage capacity were encouraged to keep their mills and silos full, which are at most to-day about 25 per cent. full, we could probably reckon on four to five months' supply. They would, no doubt, be only too willing to do so, if assured of a small bonus on the difference between this and their average holding for the last three years. But there must be no repetition of the Runciman fiasco in the early years of the War when, after millers had been induced, "in the interests of national security," to fill their mills to full capacity, they were half ruined by Mr. Runciman flinging the greater part of the Indian crop on the market, in order to acquire a temporary popularity. This leaves us to find storage accommodation for some four months, which would have to be provided by granaries built by the Government. These should not be placed in such vulnerable spots as Hull and other grain ports situated on the East Coast, but dotted about the country, and preferably in the West of England, to remove them as far as possible from air raids. Further, a considerable saving might be made by utilizing the country mills, which were closed under a mistaken system of rationalization, to the grievous detriment of the countryside. Disused cotton mills might also be adapted for the purpose. This would obviate the building of underground silos, which are feasible, but twice as costly. I understand from two of the greatest experts in the country that the cost of constructing sufficient granaries and silos to store this four months' supply would be about ten millions, far less than the cost of two modern battleships. The wheat should certainly be bought from the Colonies, in preference to foreign countries. Had the scheme been

adopted less than a year ago, the Government would have been able to buy at a handsome profit of at least 50 per cent. below current prices. Now they will naturally have to pay through the nose; but the cost would be a small item in the vast sum of 1,500 millions they are going to spend on rearmament; and the wheat, even with the cost of running the scheme, would have a value far above the small remainder value of an obsolete battleship. With ten months' supply, the ever-haunting nightmare of starvation would be exorcised, and we should all, politicians and ordinary folk, sleep quietly in our beds.

This is, indeed, the bare minimum of safety we have a right to demand; but a fully comprehensive scheme would naturally include the storage or production of other foods, such as meat, poultry, and milk products of all kinds, potatoes, etc. Moreover, it is too often forgotten that we have not only a population of some 46 million human beings to feed, but an animal population of 27½ million of horses, cows, cattle and pigs, including as well some 67 million head of poultry. At present, a vast amount of animal food, maize, barley, oats, etc., all bulky commodities, comes from overseas. This alone is a strong reason for growing more at home.

We need, in fact, an all-round increase in home production. And one of the chief desiderata is standard prices to rise or fall according to world prices, the cost of living, and the due remuneration of labour. Moreover, farming is essentially a long-term industry, to use the favourite shibboleth the Government are always quoting, and never putting into effect. Temporary subsidies are the greatest obstacle to orderly planning. Let us hope that the new Conservative tariff committee will persuade the Government that the only sound policy is the levy-subsidy which, as the Argentine agreement conclusively proves, does not mulct the consumer. As it is, it has taken the Government six years to raise agriculture 15 per cent. above worst—to use a Stock Exchange metaphor—Mr. Morrison describes this as making great strides! Nothing short of putting it in an analogous position to that which it occupied in 1914 can be regarded as satisfactory. Subsidies not only produce

a minimum of lasting good, but lead to the most unfair comparisons. Yet what are the facts? In the four years 1932–35 subsidies amounted to about 58 millions, but of these at least half the sugar-beet subsidy went to sugar manufacturers (say 6 millions), and the benefit of the beet sugar rebate being shared to the extent of two-thirds by Colonial producers of sugar, really represents only a net preference to farmers of roughly three millions. During the four years in question farmers, therefore, received only about 49 millions. Against this may be set Mr. Elliot's statement that from 1929–36 the consumer was saved £150,000,000. Averaged out on a four years' basis, this would amount to about 85 millions. Even if derating is added, which is shared by other industries, the sum received by agriculture would still be less. It is obvious that the consumer has been living at the farmer's expense—and, I would add, at the labourer's also.

In an article in the February number of the ENGLISH REVIEW, a detailed analysis was given of the principal desiderata to put farming on a satisfactory basis under the title of "A Programme for Agriculture." Here a bare list of the things necessary must suffice: Increase of the wheat quota to at least eight million quarters, a levy-subsidy on oats and malting barley, which the greatly enhanced prosperity of the brewers for the last two years seems to justify; a levy-subsidy on all imported beef, mutton and pork, and milk products—specially promised to farmers when asked to accept the various marketing boards—yet, so far, *never implemented*, though on the Statute Book. Reconsideration of sugar-beet prices, in view of growing scarcity of labour. Special help for the small poultry-keeper. A bold policy to restore the impaired fertility of the land (a point admitted by the Government) by draining and liming our arable land, with a similar policy for improving our pastures, on the lines traced out by Professor Stapledon—a task that the impoverished farmers and landowners cannot undertake. Until this is done, if a war breaks out, the land will not be able to respond to the sudden demands put upon it, especially if the drift of labour from the land becomes still more intensified,

as is sure under the present boom conditions. And, finally, the question of a wage for the skilled agricultural labourer commensurate with the wage of the skilled worker in other industries will have to be tackled. Happily, there are increasing signs that the urban population are anxious to see the farmer and the labourer get a square deal. The selfish people in this country are not the common folk, but the financiers, as the recent hullaballoo over the taxation of profits shows.

The Government so far have failed to recognize that the backbone of its majority are the two hundred odd agricultural constituencies, in which Labour has hitherto made little impression. To judge by the increasing discontent in several counties, which was also manifested at the annual meeting of the N.F.U., farmers seem likely to take a far stronger line, and to require their representatives to vote, if necessary, against the piecemeal policy of the Government*. Something of this kind seems, indeed, essential, in view of the appalling lethargy of the Cabinet, if agriculture is to be put in a position to play a vital and, indeed, a decisive part in securing the national larder in the event of another war.

In conclusion, let me quote from Mr. Liddell Hart's masterly article of last month. " Military wisdom lies not in amassing armies (and munitions, as the context shows), but in diminishing national vulnerability." Insufficient food supplies are, indeed, the Achilles heel of national defence. It is useless to be armed to the teeth if your molars have nothing to chew.

* The Council of the N.F.U. considered at their April meeting a report stating that " a large number of resolutions were received from County Branches expressing alarm and disappointment at the continued absence of any indications from the Government that an effective agricultural policy was under consideration, or that agricultural production was deemed an essential part of home defence policy "; and steps were taken to inaugurate an autumn campaign in urban centres.

Speculations upon a Triple Alliance between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States

By Dr. Hermann D. F. Kirchhoff

At the turn of the century three great Western Powers were vying for political, commercial, scientific, and cultural leadership in the world; these three Powers were Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. Joseph Chamberlain was certainly correct when he said in his famous speech at Leicester on November 30th, 1899, that "a new Triple Alliance between the Teutonic race and the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race" would be a most "potent influence in the future of the world."* But unfortunately for the progress of the world this "Triple Alliance" failed to be realized. The blame for this failure of the three leading Germanic peoples to co-operate peacefully may be fairly equally apportioned. Great Britain and the United States, both of which already had more land than they needed, should have been more accommodating to the German need for expansion. Germany should have been less ostentatious in outward demonstrations, and bolder in the inner conception of her foreign policy. Instead of fearing that an Anglo-German Alliance might provoke a war against France and Russia,† Bülow and William II should have realized that a war against Russia was the only manner in which to cement Anglo-German friendship. Germany declining, Great Britain allied herself to Japan to vanquish Russia in the Far East; and afterwards Great Britain came to an understanding with the defeated Russia, directed against Germany. Since it was impossible for Germany to gain Russian friendship—*vide* the Björkö Treaty—because of the Franco-Russian Alliance, Germany, at the opportune time, ought

* Cf. T. Dennett, *John Hay*, pp. 329–31.

† Cf. *Grosse Politik*, XIV, Pt. I, Nos. 3782 ff., pp. 196 ff.; see especially p. 216 for final marginal note of William II expressing the fear that the British Navy could not protect East Prussia from a Russian invasion.

to have thrown in her lot with Great Britain, and against Russia. As Adolf Hitler has well said, " No sacrifice should have been too great to gain English friendship. Colonies and sea power should have been renounced, and British industry should have been spared competition."* Furthermore, a war against Russia would also have paved the way for an Anglo-German-American understanding, in spite of the traditional but superficial Russo-American friendship. It may surprise some readers that leading Americans, particularly Theodore Roosevelt and Poultney Bigelow, repeatedly urged William II to make war on Russia,† but the Kaiser—contrary to his occasional bellicose gestures—was really for peace, and fondly hoped that he could control Nicholas II through their private correspondence.

But, worst of all, besides misunderstanding the Anglo-Russian problem, the German statesmen completely failed to grasp the implications of the practical, if inarticulate, Anglo-American understanding. Bülow bared his ignorance of the Anglo-German-American problem by writing :

> " The more difficult our relations with England grew, the more assiduously did I further our friendly connections with the United States. Emperor William II was not difficult to win over to my standpoint and my efforts to promote it."‡

Unfortunately for Germany, Bülow was fundamentally wrong when he thought that he could win active American support in the face of Anglo-German difficulties ; that meant expecting the impossible. The Rooseveltian era did not appreciably change the situation ; the dice had already fallen with the breakdown of the proposals of Chamberlain in 1901. In spite of the period of German-American rapprochement under the able guidance of Ambassador Speck

* Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, p. 154.

†Cf. Stephen Gwynn, *Sir Cecil Spring-Rice*, I, 230 f. ; Alfred Vagts, *Deutschland Und Die Vereinigten Staaten In Der Weltpolitik*, II, 1948 ; Poultney Bigelow, *Seventy Summers*, II, 177 ff. and by the same author *The German Emperor and his Eastern Neighbours*, pp. 164 and 178.

‡ B. v. Bülow, *Memoirs*, I, 657–58.

von Sternburg, who brought William II and Theodore Roosevelt closer together, the Algeciras Conference proved definitely that Germany could not count upon American support in the face of Anglo-French opposition.

The United States did not need German support, but they could well use British support, even if they did not absolutely depend on it. A glance at a world map will show, first of all, that Great Britain is a next-door neighbour to the United States through Canada, which separates Alaska from the American mainland. The United States knows that it would be a costly and difficult task to conquer Canada, and that it would be even more difficult to "absorb" the proud Anglo- and Franco-Canadians. But Great Britain knows that, in spite of those difficulties, the United States could conquer Canada in case of an Anglo-American war, and thus they both prefer to keep the peace. Secondly, a world map shows that the British Isles are so situated that the English Navy or air fleet can easily control the lines of communications between Germany and the United States. Thirdly, having a Pacific coastline, the United States is the logical ally of British Columbia, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, in keeping out the Asiatics. Fourth, it is desirable for the United States to have the potential co-operation of the British Navy for the protection of the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal. Fifth, Great Britain and Canada are the best customers of the United States—Germany coming third in importance—and the United States well knew that even if a war should temporarily disrupt their commercial relations with Germany (which was preferable to a disruption with Great Britain and Canada), Germany would have to come back after the war to buy American cotton, oil, copper, grain, and fats.

The only reasonably foolproof conclusion which German statesmen should have drawn from such a situation was that active American friendship for Germany could only be gained in conjunction with British friendship. Because Germany failed to realize this, she lost the World War—which she certainly did not plan as a means to achieve world dominion.

Summarizing our observations, we may say that a "Triple Alliance" between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States failed to be realized prior to the World War, primarily because the German statesmen misunderstood the Anglo-Russian and Anglo-American problem; secondly because neither the United States (annexing the Philippines in 1898) nor Great Britain (annexing the Transvaal in 1900) showed any understanding whatever for the German need for expansion; and thirdly, because there were great technical difficulties with regard to securing the consent of the American Senate, the British Parliament, and the German Reichstag.

II

The following question presents itself at this juncture: Would such a Triple Alliance be desirable to-day, two decades after the World War, and is it a feasible scheme? In spite of manifold and seemingly insurmountable difficulties, this writer ventures an affirmative answer to both parts of the question.

The pre-War Triple Alliance between England, France, and Russia was a freak; no more, no less. It was neither germane, nor was it wise from the point of view of *Realpolitik*. Racially, psychologically, or culturally, those three nations had almost nothing in common; and the inevitable Anglo-Russian conflict of interests was only temporarily suspended, but not solved. Whether or not wars will ever be abolished is a moot question; a critical historian will find, however, that many wars of the past were more or less "unnecessary," some more or less "inevitable," some highly successful and beneficial for the one or the other belligerent, and some absolutely futile. War, according to the famous definition by Clausewitz, is "fortgesetzte Staatspolitik mit anderen Mitteln (continued state-policy with other means)." That means that war as such, or the scientific use of force in order to bend an enemy to one's will, is not an end in itself, but a means.* In other words, statesmanship should rule over

* Carl v. Clausewitz, *Vom Kriege*, Fourth edition, I, vii, 3 and 24.

mere generalship. If a war is the result of a stupid and short-sighted foreign policy, that war is of necessity a stupid and futile war. The first World War was such a terrible monstrosity because it did not solve any of the great problems of world politics. How could those problems be solved when such potential enemies as England and Russia, Japan and the white Pacific Powers were allied with each other and against Germany?* Two decades after the World War Russia is again a potential threat to British interests in Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, Outer Mongolia, Tibet, and China. Japan and Russia are near war over Manchuria, Mongolia, and that part of Siberia—roughly between Vladivostok and Nikolaievsk—which is a potential threat to the security of Japan as long as it provides the Far Eastern base for Russian planes and submarines. Finally, Great Britain, the British Dominions, the United States, and the Dutch and French East Indian colonies are irreconcilably opposed to the Japanese need for expansion. Yet all those Powers fought "shoulder to shoulder" during the World War! And their former common enemy, Germany, is now re-born, and on the march to become as strong as ever.

The League of Nations was created as an instrument which was supposed to prevent the recurrence of another world war. Unfortunately it proved unable—for a variety of reasons—to solve any of the great post-War problems, as for instance: disarmament; the redistribution of colonies; the peaceful revision of the Treaty of Versailles, and the other obnoxious treaties upon the basis of Article XIX of the Covenant; Manchukuo; Ethiopia. In other words, the League could not persuade the "haves" to make magnanimous concessions, nor the "have-nots" to show submissive moderation. With Germany, Japan, and the United States outside of the League, and Italy practically out, the League has arrived at its lowest ebb, and it has not added to its lustre by accepting Communist Russia as a member. Something constructive has to be done, either within or without the League, in order to prevent a new world war as futile as the one of 1914–18. After it

* Oswald Spengler, *Jahre Der Entscheidung*, I, 22.

has been narrowly averted in the cases of Manchuria and Ethiopia and the Spanish Civil War, a new world war may break out at any minute over the Spanish question. Austria is another danger spot. No matter what government may rule at Berlin or Vienna, the German people of Germany, Austria and Bohemia are certain to unite sooner or later, for only external pressure keeps them apart to-day. The recent Austro-German rapprochement, concluded with Italian sanction, does not yet solve the problem, which is still further obscured by the intrigues for the restoration of the Hapsburgs. To make this natural union possible without destroying Europe in the process, is the greatest political task yet confronting the Western Powers. A Triple Alliance between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States would be a constructive step in the right direction.

III

After Cleveland's Venezuela message of December 18th, 1895, had pushed the United States and Great Britain pretty close to the brink of war—William II helped to pull Great Britain back with his ill-conceived Krüger telegram —Arthur Balfour said in a public speech that a statesman even greater than Monroe would have to proclaim the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war should be impossible. Ever since then, that is, for the last four decades, there have been many leading Americans and Britons advocating Anglo-American world co-operation. The late Arthur Brisbane, for instance, consistently assured the readers of his column that some day the United States and Great Britain will lay down the law to the rest of the world, and enforce world peace. But could they do it, even if they were closely allied? An analysis of present world conditions will show that the two Powers could not enforce a *Pax Americana-Britannica*, but rather that they would need a strong Continental European ally in order to establish a new and sane *imperium mundi*. Germany is the only logical and natural ally which the United States and Great Britain could choose for this magnificent purpose.

An alliance between Great Britain and the United

States would not be strong enough to enforce the peace in either Europe, Africa, or Asia. The combined British-American fleet could not control the united French, Italian, and Japanese fleets, not to mention the renascent German and Russian fleets, nor considering the changes wrought by the emergence of the submarines and naval aircraft. An Anglo-American alliance would have no foothold in Continental Europe, and it would thus be comparatively powerless to prevent a war in Europe, which is a serious matter, because of the repercussions which a major European war is certain to have in Africa and Asia. Therefore, an Anglo-American alliance needs to be strengthened by the alignment of the potentially strongest and most progressive power of Continental Europe, namely Germany.

Why Germany? First, Germany is the most numerous and, at the same time, the best educated European nation; Germany proper to-day has a population of 67 millions but, in addition, there are many millions of Germans living just beyond the present artificial political boundaries, giving a total of at least 80 million people in Central Europe with German as their mother-tongue. Thus the usage of the German language outweighs either English, French, or Italian in Europe by far, a fact which is also reflected in the literary and scientific publications in Europe. Secondly, Germany is geographically the heart of Europe and, at the same time, the last great bulwark of Western Europe against Russian Bolshevism—Poland being too weak to stem the tide. Thirdly, Germany is the most inventive, the most efficient, and consequently the most powerful industrial nation on the European Continent. German industrial supremacy in Europe is founded on a sound basis, namely upon an ample supply of coal, from which the Germans are now also distilling gasoline and oil, and this supremacy is certain to be retained if it is not destroyed, together with all the rest of Europe, in a war of catastrophic dimensions. Fourth, if Germany were strengthened by Anglo-American support, and were to assume her natural racial and economic boundaries in Middle Europe, she would become a better customer of both Great Britain and the United States, and she could easily pay her debts. After the German Empire

had been founded in 1871, German-American and Anglo-German trade increased tremendously, and it immediately amounted to more than it used to be from the different component parts of the Empire. Contrary to popular opinion, the great industrial Powers are each other's best customers, and if Germany were to become a greater Power German-American and Anglo-German trade would gain, not lose. It is clear that, from the point of view of population, geography, industry, and commerce Germany would be the most powerful ally whom Great Britain and the United States could secure in Europe; neither France nor Italy could offer as much.

Germany knows that she cannot gain the friendship of either France or Russia, and that she cannot depend on Italy, that she cannot depend *solely* on Italy and Japan—the anti-Communist accords with Rome and Tokio notwithstanding. It is true enough that Germany and Italy have recently shown an amazing degree of close co-operation in the Spanish crisis, and also with regard to a new "Locarno" or Western Security Pact. But there is still the Austrian problem, concerning which Mussolini so far has not seen eye to eye with Hitler. Therefore she needs and desires Anglo-American support, and consequently she would be a most loyal, dependable, and accommodating ally. Side issues of world politics, like the Jewish problem or the colonial question in Africa, could easily be ameliorated by a working American-Anglo-German Triple Alliance.

Finally, we should emphasize that the culture and civilization of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States is not only germane, but nearly on the same level of development. As regards material civilization, the United States is doubtless ahead of Great Britain and Germany, while with regard to cultural pursuits the last two Powers are probably still somewhat superior. If all three were working together, they could ensure the civilizatory and cultural progress of the world in general, and the white race in particular.

From the point of view of political and social ethics the three peoples have many identical ideals: national liberty, pride in the accomplishments of the past, a kind,

but not slavish respect for tradition, a sane adjustment between private property and initiative and social justice, and the magnificent belief in a cultural and civilizatory mission in this world. As a consequence, politically and ethically, these nations have one common foe : Communist Russia. Unfortunately, it has become fashionable with the " Liberals " to ridicule and minimize the dangers of Russian Bolshevism. With the example of Spain in mind, it must be repeated again and again that the subversive Russian activities lead inevitably to a destructive class-war, the wiping out of the biological and intellectual élite, the loss of all liberty, the break-up of Western civilization and culture, and the subsequent destruction of white predominance. It must be well understood that Communist Russia is an Eastern Power whose philosophy has nothing in common with the Western nations. All the differences between " Nazi " Germany, " Monarchical-Parliamentary " Great Britain, and the " Democratic-Republican " United States are not as important as their common heritage and ideals, their common actual or potential enmity against Bolshevist subversion, and their common desire for a new kind of *Pax Romana*. The chief difference between Anglo-American and contemporary German political philosophy is with regard to personal liberty. Americans and Britons should remember, however, that *national* liberty is the prerequisite for *personal* liberty, and that the latter has to be sacrificed in times of war or similar emergencies. Ever since 1918 the national integrity and independence, indeed, the very existence of Germany, has been in most serious jeopardy due to both internal Communist uprisings and external pressure. Only a united and strictly disciplined people could defeat those forces and make Germany great again, and for that noble purpose the German people embraced National Socialism, and gladly surrendered small personal liberties and constitutional guaranties until such time when they would again be able to afford such privileges. The United States and Great Britain could speed the return of greater personal liberty in Germany by concluding an alliance with her, but never by joining an alliance against her.

IV

The outer form of this new " Triple Alliance " or " Understanding " is not the most important thing, so long as the three great Germanic peoples, and especially their leaders, are conscious of their common destiny. Of course, a formal agreement, ratified by the American Senate, the British Parliament, the white British Dominions, and the German Reichstag would have some advantages ; but a less formal gentlemen's agreement might be quite sufficient—the Anglo-American " Understanding " during the Hay era and after has proved that. Instead of competing with each other in every corner of the globe, as they did previous to the World War, the three Powers should divide the world between them, as it were : the Americans to the United States, the British Empire to Great Britain, Middle and Eastern Europe to Germany.

The new Triple Alliance should officially recognize the Monroe Doctrine, and definitely leave the American hemisphere to the leadership of the United States. Naval equality between Great Britain and the United States, and their naval supremacy over any other Power should be guaranteed, Germany having a fleet approximately equal to that of the next strongest Power. The combined Anglo-American-German fleet should be able to enforce maritime peace. The three Powers should pledge to help each other ; more particularly, Great Britain should be supported in maintaining her Empire, and the United States should be assisted in case of Japanese aggression towards Hawaii or the American Pacific coast. Germany should be given a free hand to realize her legitimate desire of uniting with German Austria, and German Bohemia. Furthermore, Germany should be supported in concluding a close federation with Poland, Hungary, and the Baltic States, and Germany should also have the leading influence in the Balkans, in order to form a strong Western European block against the Russian Communist menace.

In order to comprehend fully the actual threat of Soviet Russia, it must be realized that Russia has a peace-time army of more than a million men under arms ; that she has several thousands of military aeroplanes in readiness,

and that she has just announced a naval programme designed to establish three fleets: A Baltic fleet to match the German fleet in European waters, a Far Eastern fleet to match the Japanese fleet in the Far East, and a Black Sea fleet to dominate that body of water, and eventually its most important outlet: the Straits. That would mean a Russian fleet at least equal to that of Great Britain and the United States, and such a fleet would be an immediate menace to German and British security and, incidentally, to American security, not to mention Japan or Turkey. Finally, Russia would have the largest army in the world, the largest air force, and the largest navy, which would give her an intolerable supremacy. With France as an ally and Czechoslovakia as a landing field, Russia might take a European war—possibly caused by the Austrian question—as an opportunity to overrun Poland and Germany, and to plant the red flag all over Western Europe. That contingency is not just a pipe-dream, but a potential reality, and it must be prevented through a Triple Alliance between Germany, the British Empire, and the United States.

Suffice it to be said of France that she has deserted the Western cause by concluding a military alliance with Communist Russia. That is why a new Anglo-French alliance with American sanction—the same futile alignment as during the World War—would be a crime against Western culture and civilization. Germany feels no enmity against France, and has voluntarily and definitely renounced all territorial claims against France; but France will be lucky if she can hold all that she possesses, for most of her present military strength is artificial. With the Triple Alliance in force, Italy might safely be left in Ethiopia and Libya, and she even might be allowed to consider Jugoslavia and Albania as her spheres of influence. However, both the Italian and the French fleets would have to be kept low, so that Great Britain could re-establish her naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. A large Russian fleet should never be allowed to be built, and with the French and Italian fleets at reasonable limits, the combined Anglo-American fleet would be able to keep the Japanese fleet in check, if necessary. With the Triple Alliance operat-

ing, Japan might well be supported in the annexation of Manchukuo, the south-eastern part of Siberia between Vladivostok and Nikolaievsk, and northern Sakhalin, a programme which would keep both Japan and Russia busy for quite some time. A new Pacific era has been predicted ever since Perry opened Japan; so far, it is still in its embryonic stages, and Western trade with the Far East is comparatively of small importance. In due time, however, the importance of the Pacific area is certain to increase, and it might be a good idea for the white Pacific Powers to let Japan expand upon the Asiatic mainland. Finally, no Pacific era could change the fundamental fact that the white Pacific Powers are children of Europe, and inseparably bound to her by ties which they did not make, and cannot break, for better or for worse.

It is not at all inconceivable that all of these developments could take place within the framework of a revised and revived League of Nations. Article XIX of the present Covenant, providing for the revision of international conditions and treaties "which have become inapplicable," should be made a living principle of the revised League. The Triple Alliance would provide the initial power and centrifugal attraction necessary to defeat all subversive influences and to rearrange the world in a stronger order. The League would serve as a forum to give an opportunity to the small Powers and to the minorities for voicing their legitimate desires, which should be respected as much as possible. But it must be realized that the small nations assembled helter skelter in the League cannot make world history. The cases of Manchuria and Ethiopia have shown that a powerful group of large nations with synchronized and integrated interests and the fearless determination to fight for them is needed to enforce any long-range policy.

The recently and all too soon deceased Oswald Spengler has predicted that a century of terrible world wars has just begun and that one nation of a new pattern—a Faustian nation composed of peoples of the same *Wahlverwandschaften*—will finally emerge as the master of a new *imperium mundi*.* Be that as it may; however, it is

* Oswald Spengler, *Jahre Der Entscheidung*, I, 41.

clear that a new world war is brewing, and if they cannot prevent its outbreak it is the duty of far-seeing men to see to it that, at least, the right Powers are on the right side.

For a century and a half the United States has more or less consistently refused to conclude entangling alliances. The most recent American legislation shows the same tendency, witness the prohibition of loans to be floated in the United States by " defaulting " nations, the " cash and carry policy," which is already the law of the land. The new neutrality resolutions by Senator Pittman and Representative McReynolds, now being debated by the two Houses of the Congress, also aim at keeping the United States out of the next world war. However, judging from present indications, a way might be worked out for Anglo-German-American co-operation within the framework of this new legislation. Naturally, this eventual possibility would be a further inducement for Germany to join an Anglo-American combination. Motivated by a sane conservative instinct she has feared that to join the present League of Nations would amount to concluding some fifty entangling alliances. Before the outbreak of the next world war, however, it is necessary for Americans to realize that a Russian invasion of Poland and Germany—quite feasible under the present set-up—would result in the destruction of Western European culture and civilization. Finally, the red flag of terror would be flying over Warsaw, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Madrid and Rome, and the guillotine and the firing squad would work overtime killing off the flower of Europe. The terrific repercussions of such a catastrophe would also break up the British Empire and deal a terrible blow to an unprepared United States. A Triple Alliance between Germany, Great Britain and the United States could master the fate of the world and ensure its orderly progress.

Some English Inns

By S. P. B. Mais

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, more than most of us, seems to have discovered the true secret of inns.

"Do you remember an inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an inn?"

The author of *The Four Men* must have good cause to remember many good inns, but he makes us sometimes suspect that it is he who takes the goodness and sweetness and certainly the music to the inn, and not the inn which provides these delights to all its patrons. Belloc loves the boisterous goodfellowship of inns; Hazlitt loved the smells of inns—"eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet;" Dr. Johnson loved their "oblivion of care and freedom from solicitude."

"There is no private house," he said to Boswell, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy: in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or an inn."

I only wish that generous eulogy could be placarded in every public room of every inn in England, in place of the facetious, unpleasant reminders about credit and the more or less irrelevant pictorial reminders about the drinks that you don't drink.

It is significant that Doctor Johnson on the conclusion of his eulogy should have repeated *with great emotion* Shenstone's lines :—

> " Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

It would be a pity to allow foreigners to set out on a tour of England under the impression that these eighteenth-century sentiments and statements are still, to any marked degree, true.

We all long for that warm welcome which grocers' almanacks and Dickens' novels assure us was once the rule. But it is, alas, no longer true that the more noise you make and the more trouble you give, the welcomer you are. On the contrary, I remember an innkeeper turning out people on the ground that he didn't like their faces, and others because they failed to wipe their shoes. And every innkeeper is liable to turn you out if you become noisy.

The main trouble about the average English inn is that it does not set out to cater for the hungry traveller. Having quenched his thirst, its duty is regarded as done.

And, indeed, the inn is really regarded as a place where the villagers can gossip in warmth over a tankard or two of ale after work is over, and that keeps the innkeeper's hands full if not his pockets. You cannot be said to know the village inn until you know intimately the people who use the " Bottle and Jug," the " Private " and the " Public " bars, and can order your " old and mild " and " four-half " with the best of them.

I use country inns mainly on hunting days, and though I can count on getting my cherry-brandy before I start, I cannot count on being able to get eggs for tea or a fire to eat it by.

I avoid, if I can possibly help it, having to stay the night in a village inn, and this is all wrong, because it is infinitely more sociable than the town hotel, and ought to be more comfortable.

So few are the inns where I have been completely happy that I would like to compare my list of successful inns with yours.

One of my best finds is not in England. It is in Glen Lyon and is called, I believe, the Fortingall Inn. It is a fishing inn in very beautiful surroundings, but its great achievement is its food. The proprietor does all the cooking himself, and he was taught the art of cooking in Paris, so you can see the sort of food you are likely to get. It will be exquisitely cooked.

By far the most satisfying hotel in Edinburgh is the Roxburghe, which has preserved a perfect eighteenth-century atmosphere of leisurely dignity and good taste.

Then there is Barry Neame, who runs the Hind's Head Inn at Bray. This is, of course, more sophisticated, but if you want to taste rich and rare wines you need go no farther.

At the other end of the pole of sophistication is the inn at Hawnby among the Cleveland hills of Yorkshire, where I had the most satisfying Sunday luncheon I have ever eaten. It began at one o'clock, and ended at four. In those three hours four of us had practically demolished a whole rib of beef. The proprietor of that inn would have pleased Doctor Johnson.

Ex-public schoolmasters, naval officers, and an ex-Prime Minister's daughter are among those who have turned in recent years to this business of keeping an inn, and it is to be hoped and expected that they will have imagination enough to enlarge again the scope of the inn, and provide something more varied than bread and cheese and pickled onions to accompany the old and mild.

So far as my experience of English inns goes, it will perhaps be best if I enumerate them by counties.

In Northumberland I most commonly use the Station Hotel at Newcastle. Railway hotels are generally expensive, but the variety of food is usually good. You can get a meal at any hour, and it is sometimes possible to get a bed out of hearing of the trains. I have never spent a night at the George at Chollerford, but anglers like it, and it wears a cheerful air and it is possible to get a meal. I

have three times descended upon the Twice-Brewed from the Roman Wall and each time met with great friendliness. Whether they would put you up I don't know, but there's a Youth Hostel quite close called The Once-Brewed. I have fed well at the Percy Arms at Otterburn, which is picturesque, old-fashioned and warm. I have reason to remember the hotel at Alnwick because the hotel porter informed me almost vehemently that I shouldn't be allowed to see over the Castle and that its exterior was not to be seen from the road. As it lies practically on the Great North Road and as I had no difficulty whatever in seeing it inside as well as out, I am inclined now to distrust the information of all hall porters. They are a curiously irritating and unreliable race. The best of them are treasures, the great bulk of them a waste of everybody's time.

On the other hand, the hotel at Tynemouth is wholly delightful. The food is excellent. Everybody goes out of his way to give you a welcome and it looks out over a lovely sandy bay.

The King's Arms at Berwick-upon-Tweed is cheap, warm and comfortable, and I should like to have stayed at the Crewe Arms, Bamburgh, so excellent was the luncheon I got there. The inn at Kirk Yetholm is so unlike every other inn that I ever visited that I make no apology for introducing it in spite of the fact that it is just over the Border. It is frequented by the genuine gipsies, who speak a language that Borrow might have followed but I could not until it was translated by the charming daughter of the house. This is a splendid inn to stay in if you are climbing the Cheviot, much more companionable than the one I found at Wooler. Another hotel in Northumberland I want to visit again is the Crewe Arms at Blanchland.

In Yorkshire I give pride of place to the inn at Hawnby which I have already mentioned, and after that to the old stone hunting inn in Bilsdale called the Rising Sun.

I usually make my headquarters at the Majestic at Harrogate, which compares favourably in comfort and variety of food with any London hotel. It is luxurious,

and I like luxury when I am staying in a town. I have never stayed at the grey stone inn below Bolton Abbey but it looks very inviting from the outside.

The George at Huddersfield, just outside the station, is an unexpected find. The food is splendid, the society young and good company, the service first-rate.

In York I stay at the Station Hotel, which has the advantage of a superb view of the Minster. It is roomy and comfortable.

The Trust House at Helmsley is cheap, picturesque and adequate to ordinary needs.

At Borough Bridge there is an excellent hotel, called the Three Greyhounds, and the old coaching inn at Greta Bridge not only lies among romantic surroundings but goes out of its way to give visitors the best of everything.

In the inn at Bowes I was given the best Wensleydale cheese I have ever eaten, and in the hotel at Richmond I was poisoned with gas fumes. At High Force Hotel, below High Force, I was kept warm on a bitterly cold day.

But of all the Yorkshire inns that I have encountered, from the point of view of individuality the one that stands out foremost in my mind is the Black Bull at Haworth. It still keeps astonishingly the strange spirit of Bramwell Brontë. It really is an inn and not a modern hotel, and here the host acts as Doctor Johnson said. He welcomes visitors, and from the noise made by the "geezers" or "mummers" on New Year's Eve when I was there he also welcomes noise.

In Lancashire I have happy memories of the De Tabley Arms at Ribchester, which looks out on the Ribble, and of the White Bull, which has a Noah's Ark sign outside and a fine stone porch. The Prince of Wales Hotel at Southport is always lively even in the depths of winter, and the Metropole at Blackpool is remarkable for its Morocco-like lounge.

Manchester is a difficult place to stay in. The Midland Hotel is too expensive for any ordinary person, rather noisy, and very cosmopolitan, while the Queen's cherishes live turtles waiting to be turned into soup at three shillings a plate, and I know no others.

In Liverpool there appears to be no alternative to the comfortable Adelphi, the lounge of which is astonishingly like the lounge on an Atlantic liner. The prices have recently been much reduced and there is now a very adequate theatre dinner for 4s. 6d.

In Cheshire I have good memories of the Bells at Little Peover, an enchanting oak-panelled inn overlooking the churchyard where Lord de Tabley lies. In Knutsford there is an ancient, picturesque inn where they hold the Hunt Ball.

The Railway Hotel at Crewe, called I believe the Crewe Arms, is both cheap and quiet and very comfortable. It is the sort of hotel that I should like to know is just round the corner when I am feeling exhausted.

In Chester there is a diversity of opinion about the relative merits of the Queen, which is just outside the station, and the Grosvenor and Blossoms, which are in the centre of the city. All are comfortable.

In Derbyshire the Peacock at Rowsley always looks to me the ideal country inn. It is a Tudor manor house with a small garden standing at the junction of the Wye and the Derwent. It is immensely dignified and fascinating. The Rutland Arms at Bakewell is a four-square old posting house, like the Newhaven Inn on the Buxton-Ashbourne road. In Dovedale there are two famous angling inns, the Isaak Walton and the Peveril of the Peak, and a fine Youth Hostel at Hartington.

The most luxurious hotel in Derbyshire is the Palace Hotel, Buxton, which resembles the Majestic at Harrogate in magnificence, comfort and cuisine. I have always wanted to stay at the Green Man, Ashbourne, whose sign-board stretches right across the road, and at the Cat and Fiddle, which is the second highest inn in England. I believe the highest is Tan Hill in the Pennine.

The Station Hotel at Derby, like that at Crewe, is cheap, homely, comfortable, quiet and companionable. It is also totally unexpected.

It was in Shropshire that I arrived at an inn called the Horse Shoe, at Bridges, at the foot of the Long Mynd, only to discover that the licensing laws demanded closing to be

at one o'clock instead of two o'clock. I should have lost any chance of refreshment had my companion not sent a man round to order our food before our arrival. It was on this trip that I stayed at the three-gabled, three-storeyed, black and white half-timbered Tudor Feathers inn at Ludlow, which is the most beautiful inn I have ever seen in my life, though the inn at Tetbury falls little short of it in exterior loveliness. But the interior of the Feathers is as rich as the outside and the mouldings on the ceiling of the dining-room are so magnificent that it is difficult to concentrate on food at all. The balcony, latticed windows, three ornamented gables and carved work are all breath-taking in their beauty. The Cound Inn on the banks of the Severn is a perfect example of a good anglers' inn.

In Herefordshire two inns, the Red Lion at Weobley, and the New Inn, Pembridge, are grand black and white buildings.

In Stratford-upon-Avon I naturally stay at the fine gabled, oak-panelled, ancient Shakespeare because I like sleeping in a bedroom called "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and it, too, has a fine gabled exterior. In this hotel the food is so good that even the Americans (who are accustomed to the best of everything) praise it. The Garrick is a miniature edition of the Feathers at Ludlow.

The Cotswolds are full of good hotels. Everyone knows the Lygon Arms at Broadway, which is full of old furniture and owned by Gordon Russell, who has given a useful lead in the development of modern furniture. The Lygon Arms is beautifully panelled and every room is tastefully furnished. There is a very pleasing absence of the junk with which so many old inns are crowded. In Malvern I stay at the Abbey Hotel because it is a Honeywood hotel.

Burford boasts both a Lamb and a Bear that are picturesque, old and comfortable. The Bear at Amberley on the top of the fine common of Minchinhampton is a good example of modern Cotswold architecture and is a very popular dining rendezvous for the people of the Severn and the Stroud Valley.

When I walked down the Thames from the source to

Oxford I discovered a number of excellent riverside inns which have not altered at all with the years. You may count on good gossip, honest simple fare and most lovely surroundings in the Baker's Arms at Somerford Keynes, the Red Lion at Castle Eaton, the Anchor at Eaton Weir, the Plough at Kelmscott, and the Rose Revived (loveliest of all English inn-names) at Newbridge.

The White Hart at Cricklade and the New Inn at Lechlade are more ambitious, and are prepared to put you up for the night as well as feed you with a hot evening meal. The Swan at Bibury is like the George at Fairford, full of fishermen.

When I was an undergraduate I must have visited all the smaller older inns within a radius of thirty miles, but I can now best recollect the Bear at Wantage, which is old and rambling and comfortable; an unnamed inn at Uffington, where the woman of the house refused to come downstairs and unlock the door to give us tea on a Sunday afternoon; and the inns at Beckley, Stanton Harcourt, and those dotted about on the banks of the Windrush and Evenlode. It was there that I found the Noel Arms at Chipping Campden, the Wheatsheaf at Northleach, and the Talbot at Stow-on-the-Wold. In Oxford itself I have tried all the hotels and now come round again to the Mitre, where I started.

Of inns in the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford, the Trout at Godstow, the lovely low long Bridge Hotel at Shillingford, and the Spread Eagle at Thame continue to attract visitors, but of the inns farther down the Thames I have little knowledge. Riverside hotels attract types of people whom I never see anywhere else, a sprinkling of fishermen who are always excellent company, and a large quantity of people who bring the manners and assurance and smart clothes of the Town into pleasances where they seem strangely out of place.

The coming of the Lido-Tea-house-Swimming-Pool-Dance-Hall-Roadhouse has drawn away some of these people from the river, who now motor to these centres in the country where they can have all the delights that they could have had if they had stayed in the town. It is perhaps

as well that these places exist, for it means that the country inns can continue to attract the real country people, and the true country lovers,

In Kent I have good memories of the inns at Chiddingstone, Withyham, Lympne (the County Members), the Rose and Crown and Chequers at Tonbridge, and Dungeness, and in Sussex I scarcely know where to begin. The Middle House, Mayfield, is a superb example of black and white. The Barley Mow at Selmeston was a place where I was always sure of a good meal after hunting with the Southdown Foxhounds.

The Tiger Inn on the Green at East Dean still looks as if it encouraged smugglers. The Mermaid at Rye, with its unexpected bed of Mary Queen of Scots, still holds its own among Americans as the perfect example of the mediæval tavern, while the Royal Albion at Brighton stands alone among English hotels by reason of the princely courtesy of its late sportsman proprietor, Sir Harry Preston, whose close friends included the greatest names in the land. So all-pervading was the charm of his personality that to a vast number of people Brighton and Sir Harry Preston for two generations meant the same thing.

The inns that fringe the South Downs are excellent. There is the Half Moon at Plumpton, the fifteenth-century smuggling Star Inn at Alfriston with its woman figurehead and panelled rooms. There is the White Hart at Lewes, once a famous posting house, the King's Head at Beeding where Charles II was nearly captured by Cromwell's soldiers, the Frankland Arms at Washington, where you can always count on a hot meal and a cheerful welcome, and the White Horse at Storrington, where you can be sure both of excellent food and a comfortable bed.

The Dog and Duck at Bury keeps it old-time simplicity and is still the haunt of Arun anglers, the Swan at Fittleworth with its queer collection of policemen's truncheons still attracts the artists, and the Spread Eagle at Midhurst (1430), with its attendant dressed as a Roundhead, lures the motoring lovers of the quaint to inspect the fine brass and staircase. At Chichester and Lancing there are two good Trust Houses, but for the more primitive inn you are better

advised to descend on the north side of the Downs at Chilgrove, Didling, Cocking and Harting.

Hampshire is rich in old inns, and those at Winterslow (the Pheasant, lately reconstructed and enormous) and Selborne have literary associations with Hazlitt and Gilbert White respectively.

All along the banks of the Itchen and the Test are good angling inns, notably at Houghton on the one and Ovington on the other. In Winchester I usually stay in the George, which is old but rather noisy.

The inns in the New Forest are few, but the most attractive by far is the Master Mariner at Buckler's Hard, which retains a very strong nautical spirit not only in its furnishings but in its patrons. The best wayside inns in the Forest are at Allum Green and Cadnam, round which gather the forest tinkers and gipsies.

In Bournemouth I stay at the Canford Cliffs Hotel because it has a private chine of its own of peculiar loveliness.

In Wiltshire there are many fine inns, notably the Five Alls at Marlborough, The Bell at Malmesbury, and the George at Amesbury. At Salisbury there is a fairly even choice between the White Hart with Ionic columned portico, where you can drink, and the George (1320), where Pepys stayed, which is now unlicensed. The panelled rooms of the George are very fine. The best food is to be had at the Haunch of Venison, built in 1320. The most satisfying country inn hereabouts is The Malt House at Broad Chalke, just opposite the home of Maurice Hewlett.

In Dorset I should say that the most dignified and comfortable inn is the Digby at Sherborne, where in the hunting season you will hear rare tales of the day's sport. There is an attractive old inn at Lulworth, and at West Bay there is an inn where you will hear more exciting stories of wrecks on the Chesil Beach than ever find their way into books. The White Hart at Beaminster, and the inn at Cerne Abbas are still perfect old-world inns.

The best hotels in Somerset are in Bath, where the choice is quite bewildering, but the Empire has the best view, is the most modern, and is one of the most comfortable that I have ever stayed in.

The George at Norton St. Philip is one of the most attractively built old inns in the country. It is supposed to be the oldest licensed house in England, it was built in 1397, and is a grand half-timbered building of three storeys with a steep pitched high roof, projecting windows with stone mullions and fine round stone arch. It was one of the haunts of the wool merchants and is the finest looking inn in England.

At Glastonbury the George Inn was once the Abbot's guest house and it still preserves that atmosphere. It is an astonishingly beautiful inn. It is battlemented, has a stone hall, and a fine deep recessed lounge. It is also haunted. I have been better looked after by the Scots landlord R. S. Patmore at the bow-windowed, old-world George Inn at Castle Cary than in any other inn in the country. But no one ever goes to Castle Cary except honeymooners, for whom it is ideal. It is in the heart of a totally unknown and altogether lovely country.

Of the Exmoor inns in Somerset you will hear the best stag-hunting talk in the inns at Simonsbath, Exford, and the whitewashed thatched Ship Inn of Porlock. The ivy-covered Luttrell Arms at Dunster has a mediæval porch with openings for crossbows, which sufficiently indicates its age. The Royal Oak at Winsford has been so much enlarged as to be unrecognizable to those of us who knew it before the War. But it is still thatched and whitewashed. For good fishing talk, go to the Carnarvon Arms at Dulverton.

Of Devon inns the best known to honeymooners is Lee Abbey or the Valley of Rocks Hotel, Lynton, to Americans the New Inn in Clovelly, which is filled with shining brass warming-pans. A rendezvous of otter hunters is the Imperial at Barnstaple, and golfers have just had a palatial affair built for them at Saunton.

The village inns are all so attractive and picturesque that it is difficult to select, but the Warren House Inn in the very heart of Dartmoor is a perfect place for the walker and fox-hunter. The peat-fire in this inn has never been allowed to go out and shares this honour with the Rising Sun of Bilsdale and the Saltersgate Inn near Whitby.

Henry Williamson has told the world of the charms

of the two inns of his own village of Georgeham, which now are nightly filled in the summer with merry singers from all counties. The King's Head at Combe Martin is shaped like a house of cards, and there is an inn for those who like wild coastal scenery right down on the deserted harbour edge of Hartland.

In Exeter the Clarence faces the Close and Cathedral and is heavily adorned with antiques.

Chagford has many hotels, one of the most picturesque being the Mill-End, looking down on Fingle, the oldest being the Three Crowns, which overlooks the churchyard and has a grand granite porch with stone seats, and the best known the Moor Park.

One of the most picturesque inns in England is in North Bovey. It lies back from the village green. Its name is the Ring of Bells and it is both whitewashed and thatched, with low ceilings and stone floors, and whenever I have been there I have had it to myself.

In South Devon the most interesting inn is the Pilchard, a whitewashed cottage just above the beach on Burgh Island. A large and extremely attractive hotel has been built on the island just above it and the astonishing thing about this island hotel is that its menu compares favourably with any menu in the best London hotels. This is what I should call a perfect honeymooners' hotel. You are cut off from the mainland and feel it at high tide and during the night. You have a whole island of your own to wander over, with about a dozen coves to choose from in which to bathe or sun-bathe or watch the sea birds.

I hold no particular brief for hotels. I would rather stay in country inns if I could find any willing to welcome me, but I cannot see the time when I should tire of the comforts of Burgh Island. It has the grand advantage of having kept itself simple in spite of its inexhaustible cellar and Brillat-Savarin-like manager.

In the Pilchard Inn you can see a genuine pirate flag with skull and crossbones engraved on it. It is the only one I have ever seen.

At the tiny village of Kingston, just north of Bigbury, there is a very ancient and lovely inn where I should like

to stay, but in the heat of summer it must be a nuisance walking down a mile-long smugglers' lane to reach the beach. The Slapton Sands Hotel completes my Devon list.

Of Cornwall inns the Jamaica Inn in the heart of Bodmin Moor, an unlicensed house, has lately come into prominence through Daphne Du Maurier's romantic novel of that name. I have never stayed there, but I have often had meals there, and remember it as the cheapest inn that I know in the whole Duchy. I hope Miss du Maurier will now write round the Old Ferry Inn at Bodinnick, which is a lovely place.

At Kilkhampton there is a handsome granite inn, and at Tintagel there is a huge hotel on the headland overlooking the ruined castle. At St. Neot just below the church (famous for its mediæval stained glass) is a most attractive old-world inn. And I have always wanted to stay at the inn above the creek at Ruanlanihorne. The inns at Zennor and St. Just are grim and full of character and here you will hear tales of wrecking as well as of tin-mining and pixies.

The Keigwin Arms at Mousehole and the Lamorna Inn are full of artists, and the Riviera Palace Hotel at Penzance, which smells so fragrantly, is full of winter sun-worshippers. The Tregenna Castle at St. Ives is a romantic castellated country house.

In East Anglia there is a great wealth of architecturally lovely hotels and I think that the Angel at Grantham, which dates back to 1213, comes near to having the most handsome façade in England. It has buttresses, a grand orielled window supported by a carved angel-bracket over a rounded stone arch. Richard III lodged in this palatial house. The Bell at Stilton and the George at Stamford are fine fronted and ancient inns.

Suffolk has the Great White Horse at Ipswich, the Angel, and Swan at Lavenham, and the Bull and Castle at Long Melford.

Norfolk has the Maid's Head of Norwich, and some interesting isolated inns on the shores of the Broads.

In the Fens I remember best the No Hurry or Five

Miles from Anywhere on the banks of the river and the borders of Wicken Fen, Huntingdon.

In Cambridge I now stay at the University Arms because I am looked after well, the society is amusing, and the outlook over Parker's Piece quietly pleasant.

Of the inns that I have never seen and most want to see, I think I put the Haycock at Wansford first.

The trouble about the English inn is that it is usually in the hands of the brewer who is solely concerned with the sale of drink and not at all concerned with helping the wanderer to see England in comfort.

You can always make a tea-house gay if you add a side-show like a menagerie or a toy-railway, but it ought also be possible to make a medieval inn steeped in tradition and history pay if only the publican-owners would go out of their way to provide plain but well-cooked meals, aesthetically furnished bedrooms and the ordinary amenities of good bathrooms.

We are very much a wayfaring nation and my post is full of letters asking me for the names of inns where they can find reasonable courtesy and service.

That is why I have written this article. I am for ever exploring fresh corners of my own country, and I should certainly like those innkeepers who are striving to raise the standard of service to meet with appreciation for their efforts. It is no good keeping a good house if its rooms are always empty.

My contention is that a good thing needs only to be known to be successful. What has been lacking so far is an adequate liaison. We ought to form a club, interchanging our views on the English inn and broadcasting far and wide the virtues of the adequate and the vices of the inefficient.

Unit Trusts in the Balance

By Sir H. Cassie Holden, Bart.,
Chairman of the Keystone Group of Unit Trusts

UNIT Trusts have now been operating on their present model (with minor adjustments only) for roughly six years and may be regarded as having lived down most of the more prejudiced attacks to which they were subjected at the outset.

In an inherently conservative economic organization everything new is suspect. This is no bad thing. Our traditional attitude in respect of gifts emanating from Greek quarters is no disadvantage. On the contrary, it has many times proved itself to be a distinct asset of no mean value, and so it has been with Unit Trusts.

Instead of financial experts falling on the necks of promoters of the early Trusts, they smote them hip and thigh. All possible (and many impossible) objections were levied against them.

The managers of Unit Trusts—themselves men of considerable acquaintance with "The City"—expected this, and in fact welcomed it. If there were any weak points, they were assured the critics would find them. It is interesting, on surveying this short history, to find that most of the criticisms were based on misconceptions, and, as these were resolved, criticisms faded away.

The result, however, of all this has been that Unit Trusts now operating have survived a running fire such as few other financial organizations have ever experienced. At a few points critics have certainly produced items of value (mainly relating to technical operation) which have been very speedily adopted by the various managers, with the final result that Unit Trusts are now an integral part of our financial organization and have most definitely established their place in our National Economy.

The dates which follow may be regarded as approximate, but in tracing the development of Unit Trusts they will be found to be adequate.

The first Unit Trust was launched in 1931 and immediately encountered the Crisis of that year, which it survived unimpaired, and is still in existence to-day. During 1932

two or three more arrived, but it was not until 1933 and 1934 that the movement really gained strength. By this time a few spontaneous and gratuitous critics, having had all their reasoned criticisms fully answered, started a "whispering campaign" designed to alarm the Stock Exchange that it was in danger of losing much of its business. The fact that the advertising done by these Trusts was popularizing Stock Exchange investment in new channels was overlooked, as was the fact that many people were being saved from bucket shops and in any case that all the money received from Unit Trust buyers was being invested on the Stock Exchange by the purchase of the underlying securities.

This campaign was extended to alarm Building Societies that money was being diverted from them into Unit Trusts —although these Societies were at that very moment refusing new money.

The campaign was continued in the House of Commons, where—of all places in the world!—the Labour Benches assumed the role of protector of the small capitalist and pressure was put on the Government to take steps to control this growing movement. The Government adroitly passed on the responsibility to the Stock Exchanges which led to the Committee for General Purposes in the middle of 1935, appointing a Sub-Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. R. P. Wilkinson (the present deputy-chairman of the Stock Exchange) to inquire into the question of control of Unit Trusts.

Despite all the assistance given by the various Trust Managers to this Sub-Committee, but slow progress was made. The fundamental difficulty being, as the Trust Managers had all along appreciated, that it was not practicable, for technical reasons concerning internal Stock Exchange organization, to arrange for Official Quotation of Trust Sub-Units without completely reorganizing traditional Stock Exchange practice.

In the end, after having produced thirteen Draft Reports (surely a record for any Sub-Committee!), in each of which successively the Unit Trust Managers were able to point to technical flaws, the Sub-Committee produced a

report at the beginning of 1936 which to all intents and purposes gave Unit Trusts a clean bill.

It is interesting to note that the chief reason given by the Sub-Committee for not throwing open the Stock Exchange Market to Sub-Units was that as it had no statutory power, it could only control those Unit Trusts which applied for recognition, and consequently could not control those which did not. As precisely the same difficulty applied to Limited Companies, the reason is curious as this fact must have been well known to the Committee before it commenced investigation.

It must be appreciated that the Stock Exchange inquiry consolidated the considered opinions of the Unit Trust Managers, who had for some time realized the necessity for the constitution of a standard of control of its members. Following the publication of the Report the existing Standing Committee of Managers of Fixed Trusts formed themselves into the Unit Trusts Association—which adopted practically *in extenso* as its Constitution the set of rules which had evolved from the discussions between the Committee, the Institute of Bankers, the Trustees and the Unit Trust Managers themselves.

Notwithstanding this evidence of goodwill on the part of Unit Trust Managers, the "whispering campaign" redoubled its efforts and the President of the Board of Trade in the spring of 1936 appointed a Departmental Committee of Inquiry. The Unit Trusts were again placed in the dock on the defensive by having no direct representative on this Committee whilst several of their interested rivals were represented.

So strong, however, was their case that the Committee in July last year was able to report that they saw no reason to call for the suppression of Unit Trusts. They were performing a useful public service, supplying valuable investment facilities not otherwise nor previously obtainable.

The Committee suggested a number of points on which (assuming certain not altogether undisputed premises) variation might be desirable, and proposed legislation to this end.

Practically twelve months have elapsed since the issue of that Report and its promise of speedy legislation—and nothing has yet emerged. Within recent months this has given an opportunity for a renewed "whispering campaign" and it may well be asked how it can be in the interests of prosperity to continue to hinder a reputable business which in this fashion, as two public inquiries have shown, is serving a definite public purpose of much value.

For, the extraordinary thing is that, despite all these trials and tribulations, Unit Trusts give definite proof that they continue to go ahead in ever extending public circles.

By the end of 1934 their aggregate sales exceeded twenty million pounds—by the end of 1935, forty-five million pounds—and by the end of 1936, seventy-one million pounds. During the same period Building Society figures have increased by not much short of one hundred million pounds, and Savings Banks by about the same amount. There is no evidence here of money being diverted from these channels. At the same time, so far from the Stock Exchange itself having lost business, it has experienced a greater turnover than for some years past, in addition to which every penny invested in Unit Trusts goes directly through the Stock Exchange for the purchase of securities, with the exception, of course, of the service charge which is retained by the Managers for operating the Trust.

Apart from captious criticisms based on mere unreasoning prejudice (of which there has been far too much in this connection) the most popular criticisms have been fears as to what would happen when a steadily rising Stock Exchange Market turned downwards, and as to what would happen when all the seventy or more Trusts started to wind up simultaneously at the end of their covenanted period. It may be as well to deal with the latter point first.

To start with, there is no chance of any number of Trusts having to wind up simultaneously. They have come into being over six years and are all devised for varying periods. Some run for ten, fifteen or twenty years from the foundation of the Trust; others for varying periods from the date of issue of each certificate and so on.

This, however, is the legal aspect. It is the practical one which is of more moment. If a Trust has proved unsuccessful—if its results have not come up to promise—undoubtedly holders will have exercised their rights to realize their investments long before the legal expiry date. The Trust will have "unwound" itself and ceased to exist.

The only other alternative which can exist is that the Trust will have been successful enough for investors to have held their securities to the end. In that case it seems obvious these holders will not regard lightly the idea of being forcibly parted from a satisfactory investment and will seek some means of continuation without disturbance; the Managers of Unit Trusts will, presumably, be only too pleased to accommodate them by extending the Trusts upon some agreed basis. There does not seem to be any third possibility in this direction. Either way there can be no great danger of forced mass selling.

The other matter of market set-backs is slightly more difficult to meet because it rests entirely on opinion. If people refuse to believe the earth is round; if they refuse to believe in the existence of gold in the vaults of the Bank of England; if they refuse to believe in any of a multiplicity of things which cannot be proved to the satisfaction of everyone with complete ease, it is impossible to argue. The position of such critics mainly is that they do not want to believe.

All that can be said is that during the last six years whilst Unit Trusts have been functioning there have been more than enough market set-backs to have proved the critics right had their claim been a tenable one. Throughout all these phases the Unit Trust Managers have never experienced anything like a flood of realizing. Possibly the most severe test has been the period covered by the End-April Stock Exchange Account this year. During a week when there was such heavy selling of ordinary Stock Exchange securities that the market value of all Quoted Securities is estimated to have shed £400 millions, not only were Unit Trusts holders not sellers—they were actually buyers. To such an extent was this so that Trusts in membership with the Unit Trusts Association had to buy

in the Stock Exchange £150,000 worth of securities in order to create fresh Units, whilst they only sold a mere £20,000 in the same period. In this most severe crisis, therefore, Unit Trusts, so far from assisting the market slide, actually helped to steady it in the right way.

The plain fact is, of course, that the holder of Unit Trusts is an investor, not a speculator. He buys his Certificates after consideration, and for cash out of his surplus funds, and not with borrowed money. The fact that more than 50 per cent. of the total invested has come through Banks suggests also that he has taken the advice of his own Bank manager.

It is obvious that the Unit Trusts have come to stay. They have survived one of the most critical campaigns to which any financial organization in this country has ever been subjected—and, in face of it, increased the business year by year. If it has enabled small investors to get some stake in the industries of the country from which they make their living, as is now agreed to be the case, and by so doing has contributed something of stability of outlook in these quarters, this is but one item to the credit of the Unit Trusts Managers amongst many others of equal national importance.

The Sailor King

(KING WILLIAM IV)

By E. T. S. Dugdale

JUST a century has gone by since the death of King William IV (on June 19th, 1837), a man snatched by the accident of his birth from the profession which held his heart and thrust into a position for which he was suited neither by temperament nor capacity. No sadder fate can befall any man.

Prince William Henry was born in 1765, the third son of King George III. His father destined him for a naval career, and placed him at the age of thirteen in the *Prince George*, under Rear-Admiral the Hon. Robert Digby. He expressly desired that his son should work his way up in the Service like any other naval officer, being of opinion that the discipline would be good for him, for he was "ever violent when controlled."

The Prince saw active service the very next year (December, 1779), for the *Prince George* formed part of Rodney's squadron when that Admiral was appointed to command the fleet in the West Indies. In the following month the squadron defeated the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, and it is said that when the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, was brought a prisoner-of-war on board the *Prince George*, Prince William was pointed out to him. He exclaimed, "Well may England be mistress of the sea, when the son of her King is thus employed in her service!" Rodney then proceeded to the relief of Gibraltar, after which Digby returned to England, capturing on the voyage a French war-ship along with two ships laden with military stores.

Prince William was transferred to the *Warwick*, Lord Keith's Flagship, and in 1782 saw the capture of three French ships off the Delaware River. Shortly after this he joined Lord Hood in the West Indies. Captain Horatio Nelson, who had arrived from Quebec in command of the *Albemarle* frigate, was introduced to the Prince on board the *Barfleur*, and from that meeting began a warm mutual friendship and admiration between the two young men, whose ages differed by but seven years.

They met for the first time in February, 1783. Here are their mutual first impressions, as given in Volume I of Sir Nicholas Nicolas's *Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson.*

From Minutes of a conversation with the Duke of Clarence at Bushey Park.

The Duke said: "I was then a Midshipman on board the *Barfleur*, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, came in his barge alongside, who appeared to be the merest boy of a Captain I ever beheld: and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform: his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length: the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice; for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, or what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being. . . . I found him warmly attached to my father, and singularly humane; he had the honour of the King's service, and the independence of the British Navy, particularly at heart; and his mind glowed with this idea as much when he was simply Captain of the *Albemarle*, as when he was afterwards decorated with so much well-earned distinction."

Nelson to Captain William Locker, February 25th, 1783.

". . . Lord Hood was so kind as to tell Prince William (indeed I cannot make use of expressions strong enough to describe what I felt) that if he wished to ask questions relative to Naval Tactics, I could give him as much information as any Officer of the Fleet. He will be, I am certain, an ornament to our service. He is a *seaman*, which you could hardly suppose. Every other qualification you can expect from him. But he will be a *disciplinarian*, and a strong one; he says he is determined every person shall serve his time before they shall be provided for, as he is

obliged to serve his. . . . With the best temper, and great good sense, he cannot fail of being pleasing to every one."

After the Peace of Versailles (September 3rd, 1783), the Prince took leave, and travelled in Germany. He visited the Courts of Hanover and Berlin, where he was the guest of Frederick the Great, of whom Fitzgerald, William IV's biographer, records that " he showed disgust when he found that Prince William had not read *Candide*."

In 1785 the Prince was promoted to Lieutenant, and the next year to Captain. In November, 1786, he arrived at Antigua in command of the *Pegasus*, and joined the Squadron in which Nelson commanded the *Boreas*. Nelson mentioned him in a letter dated December 12th, 1786:

"Our young Prince is a gallant man: he is indeed volatile, but always with good nature. There were two balls during his stay, and some of the old ladies were mortified that H.R.H. would not dance with them; but he says he is determined to enjoy the privilege of all other men, that of asking any lady he pleases. . . I would, if possible, or in my power, have no man near the Prince, who can have the slightest impeachment as to character; for as an individual I love him, as a Prince I honour and revere him."

Again (December 29th):

"Prince William is under my command: I shall endeavour to take care he is not a loser by that circumstance. He has his foibles as well as private men, but they are far over-balanced by his virtues. In his professional line he is superior to near two-thirds, I am sure, of the List; and in attention to orders, and respect to his Superior Officers, I hardly know his equal: this is how I have found him. Some others, I have heard, will tell another story."

"His Royal Highness keeps up strict discipline in his ship, and, without paying him any compliment, she is one of the finest ordered Frigates I have seen. He has had more plague with his Officers than enough. . . ."

At the end of 1787 the Prince returned to England, and in the following year was appointed to the *Andromeda*, in which ship he returned to the West Indian station.

The turning point in his life was at hand. Born sailor

though he was, it was becoming apparent that the strict discipline governing the procedure of an ordinary naval officer could not be applied to a Prince of the blood, and when he used his privileges to be absent from his post without leave, complaints arose which made it necessary to reconsider his position. In 1790 he was appointed Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and, to his great sorrow, withdrawn from the Service.

Thus ended the active career in the Navy of one who might have risen high solely on his merits as an officer. The Prince had been created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrews and Earl of Munster in 1789, and was now expected to take his part in civil life, with a seat in the House of Lords. He felt resentment at being deprived of a career in the profession that he loved, and showed it by taking the part of his brothers in opposition to King George III. Only once did he have an opportunity of hoisting his flag, and that was when he was appointed to convey Louis XVIII back to his kingdom in 1814.

Nelson kept up his correspondence with the Duke until the end of his life. Throughout his naval campaigns he never failed to report his doings direct to the Duke. In reply to a letter from the Fleet in the Mediterranean in August, 1796, the Duke replied:

"... I feel very sensibly the flattering expressions you use in your letter to me, relative to being so many years my acquaintance. I loved and esteemed you from the beginning as an ornament to the Service and must ever regard you as such. The time must come when we shall be where both my birth and my experience in the Navy ought to place me—I mean when I am entrusted with the executive management of the Admiralty. It will then be both my duty and my inclination to serve the deserving—amongst whom you will stand ever one of the foremost. At present, adieu, and ever believe me, Dear Nelson, your most affectionate friend,

WILLIAM."

The Nelson letters show that the Duke kept in close touch with all matters respecting the Navy, although it was not until 1827, when his elder brother, the Duke of

York, died, making the Duke of Clarence heir presumptive to the Throne, that he became officially head of the Navy.

After the victory of Trafalgar he wrote to Hargood, one of the Trafalgar Captains:

"I wish another brave fellow could have witnessed our rejoicings, but he is gone: I mean my friend Nelson. You knew well my attachment and friendship for him, and you can therefore easily conceive what I must have felt, at the moment of the most brilliant victory, to lose my Friend covered with glory, and entitled to the first honour of a grateful Country. I did not think it was possible, but for one of my dearest relations, to have felt what I have, and what I do still, for poor Nelson."

From the date of his leaving the Navy the Duke had no duties to occupy his energies. He lived at Clarence House in London, and at Bushey Park in the country. In the House of Lords he was continually on his legs, without contributing much of value except occasionally on naval subjects. The extravagance of his speeches against the abolition of slavery made the abolitionists imagine he must be in the pay of the slave-owners; his attitude impaired for the time his popularity with the people. This was normally great, for the simplicity of his character and his natural kindliness made him the best liked of all the Princes.

At this period (1791) began the association with Mrs. Jordan, the actress, and a very charming woman. For nearly twenty years the Prince lived a most happy domestic life with her, and was the father of nine children by her. His reputation does not seem to have suffered by this connection, for in after years the Fitzclarences were accepted by the Court, and even when he married, his wife treated them as if there was no question of illegitimacy to be considered. He was always surrounded by them, and he suffered them to influence his, on the whole, liberal mind in the direction of Conservatism against the great Reform movement. Every one knew it, but as long as William and Adelaide tolerated their interference, statesmen had to reckon with it.

Except for occasional ebullitions in public, often

embarrassing to the official authorities due to his passion to be of importance in the Navy, the Prince's life at home with his family was peaceable enough. His debts, however, were far beyond his power to liquidate on the income allowed him as a bachelor, and by 1811 it became imperative for him to reconsider his position. The result was that, preliminary to the quest for a wife, he was obliged to break up his establishment with Mrs. Jordan and to cast her adrift. She was, in fact, the sole sufferer, for, as has been already shown, her children, the boys particularly, continued to be generally treated at Court as the sons of their father. The mother returned to the stage. She was not clever with money, and the allowance of £2,000 a year from the Duke did not save her from a death in extreme poverty in France in 1816.

The Duke's efforts to find an English girl ready to become a Princess were unavailing. His need of money was desperate, he could not hope for a substantial increase in income unless he was married. So things went on until 1817, when the bomb-shell of the death of the heiress to the Throne, Princess Charlotte, the only child of King George IV, exploded in the midst of the Royal Family. It opened up the question of the Succession in an acute form, and was followed by the marriages, one after another, in May, June and July, 1818, of the Dukes of Kent, Cambridge and Clarence. The heir to the Throne would be the issue, male or female, of the elder of the brothers to beget a child. This child was, as everyone knows, the future Queen Victoria.

The Princess whom the Duke of Clarence married in July, 1818, was Amelia Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen. She was serious-minded and reserved by nature, and took little pleasure in the frivolities of society. The married couple made Hanover their principal home for some years, for the additional grant of only £6,000 a year made by Parliament on his marriage forced the Duke to devise a means of keeping down expenses. The death of the Duke of York in 1827 made the Duke of Clarence next heir to the Throne; whereupon Parliament raised his total income to £40,000. He was also appointed Lord High Admiral of

the Navy. He was once more in his proper element, and if he had been by nature more amenable to discipline in his own person, he might have continued long in that office to the great advantage of the Royal Navy. As it was, he was indefatigable in his inspections of every branch of the Service, and was responsible for certain reforms, such as reducing the severity of punishments, and insisting on more frequent reports from the ships. But his impatience with the Admiralty officials was his undoing, and he had to resign his appointment fourteen months after it had been made.

In politics the Duke was almost alone in the Royal Family to have liberal leanings. He gave his support to Peel in opposition to the King's known sentiments, to the Catholic Relief Bill, and this action, combined with the suspicion that he was using his naval post for the furtherance of his own popularity, contributed to his dismissal from it.

As regards the movement for Parliamentary Reform his personal feelings were probably not very sharply defined. The Royal Family and the Court generally were strongly Conservative in agreement with the Duke of Wellington. At the height of the controversy George IV died, and the Duke, now William IV, was called upon to decide, on the resignation of the Duke of Wellington in November, 1830, whether to insist that a Conservative Ministry should be formed, or whether Lord Grey with his programme of Reform should be summoned to form a Government. He chose Lord Grey, who introduced two measures one after the other, only to see them rejected by the Lords. Grey prepared a third Bill. The Lords, seeing that some demonstration in the direction of Reform was inevitable in view of the state of public feeling, passed the first reading, with the intention of letting through a highly modified version of it in Committee. Lord Grey now asked the King to consent to create enough Peers to ensure his Bill passing the House of Lords without mutilation. The King yielded to his surroundings at the Court, and dismissed Grey's Ministry. The Duke of Wellington now had the task of forming a Ministry pledged to produce

a sham measure of Parliamentary Reform. The task proved impossible, and the King had to dismiss this Ministry and recall Grey. The editors of the chapter on William IV in the *Annual Register* for 1837 make the following extraordinary comment :

"It may, indeed, always be a matter of question whether at the pass to which Ministers had brought the Government . . . since a reform of some kind was now inevitable, *it was not preferable that the men who originated the movement should not have the responsibility of carrying it into effect.*"

If there had to be Reform, let it be a sham one. Anything to keep the populace quiet !

The course was now cleared for Grey, and the King was reluctantly forced to promise a creation of Peers, if such was found necessary. However, the threat was sufficient, and enough anti-Reform Peers abstained from voting to let the Bill through their House on June 4th, 1832.

The century which has elapsed since the death of King William IV (June 19th, 1837) has seen vast changes in the attitude of the public and the Press towards the Crown. He came to the throne in the middle of the struggle over Parliamentary Reform, and we should say to-day that his decision to support the Ministry which carried it through in 1832 was no more than his duty as a constitutional monarch. At the time, however, the opponents of Reform thought otherwise. A glance at the *Annual Register* for 1837, published but six months after the King's death, shows that political passions on the subject were still bitter. The editors of that publication were evidently of the anti-Reform party, and in their notice of his death plunge at once into politics. They attach to him personally the blame of having signed the death-warrant to the royal authority.

"The Reform Bill may, in one point of view, be said to have been his own work ; and its direct effect was to take from the crown the effective choice of its ministers. William the IVth reigned long enough to experience in his own instance, this operation of the power which he had so

rashly armed against himself." He was "by the common consent of all parties a weak but well-intentioned prince; and it would seem, that such are the natural prey of revolutions."

"The King's dissolution of the Parliament in 1831 affords an illustration of the important operation of the monarchical principle even in the weakest hands. . . . That the misguided monarch came himself bitterly to repent of his conduct on this point, we suppose can hardly be doubted."

The article from which these quotations are taken speaks of the movement for Parliamentary Reform as a "revolution"; whereas, the fact is that something like a serious revolution was only averted by the death of King George IV; and the accession of his brother William, who had been known for his liberal tendencies by his attitude in favour of Catholic Emancipation in opposition to that of his elder brother, was an essential step towards the rehabilitation of the monarchy in the eyes of the nation at large.

The King never got over the humiliation of having had his hand forced by Lord Grey and the Whigs. The last five years of his reign were embittered to him by the fact of having to do business with the Ministers who had overpersuaded him at the beginning of his reign. Mr. Greville quotes one of the King's sons as having said to him:

"He is in dreadfully low spirits and cannot rally at all; the only interval of pleasure which he has lately had was during the Devonshire election, when he was delighted at John Russell's defeat. He abhors all his Ministers, even those whom he used rather to like formerly, but hates Lord John most of all. When Adolphus told him that a dinner ought to be given for the Ascot races, he said, 'You know I cannot give a dinner; I cannot give any dinners without inviting the Ministers, and I would rather see the devil than any one of them in my house.'"

Another source of continual irritation was the attitude adopted by the Duchess of Kent. The King was fond of Princess Victoria and would have liked to see more of her than her mother would allow. The Duchess affected to believe that the Court atmosphere was unfitted for a young

girl, and persistently refused invitations for her to visit her uncle. She also flouted the King's authority on every possible occasion and made difficulties in response to any advance on his part.

On June 19th, 1837, the King died after a short illness, and the Princess Victoria reigned in his stead.

As King in a great constitutional crisis he was not endowed with the qualities demanded of his position. But if only he had been born in a less exalted station he might have been a great figure in the Navy, even a great naval reformer. He would have been obliged to subject himself to the discipline of the Service, and his career in it would have been unbroken. The politics, for which he was so unsuited, would not have come near him.

From a Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

I SUPPOSE June is the month when one may reasonably expect to make full use of the garden seat. Mine has been duly scrubbed and repainted, and a rotting arm replaced, but so far I have found very little time for sitting on it.

My collection of British wild flowers seems to have increased by leaps and bounds during the last few weeks. The Dutch hoe has had very little effect on them. We hear a lot about the Dutch hoe and its virtues, but I have come to the conclusion that it is only really effective when accompanied, or rather followed, by its partner, the rake. My man Henry is very fond of pushing a Dutch hoe about the borders among the plants, but as far as I can see all he does is to move the weeds from one place, and transplant them in another. They appear to enjoy the treatment, so I have been following him round with the rake and removing them altogether, which is a tiresome and tedious business; I would rather use the hoe, but so would Henry. Probably the worst offender of all is the wild convolvulus, or "bellbine," which has firmly established itself among my roses and gooseberries. In certain places, where this obnoxious weed is at its worst, it is accompanied by ground elder, or "jump about," as Henry appropriately calls it, and this happens to be in a spot where I am attempting to establish a colony of lilies, and where Henry's hoe would be a most dangerous weapon, so there is nothing for it but to pull them out by hand. Now anyone who has had experience of pulling out bellbine by hand will agree that, as an inspiration for floral language, it has golf beaten easily. I have often said that if I really wanted to punish a gang of unruly convicts I would set them pulling out bellbine from among the roses and gooseberry bushes. Quarrying is a holiday in comparison. Still, it has to be done, so perhaps the less said about it the better.

My other pet abomination is grass, which in my garden grows freely and luxuriantly anywhere except on the lawn. Its favourite place is the garden path. Some ill-advised

previous owner laboriously carted thousands of rather large pebbles on to the premises and made a path with them. This path, if left to its own resources, very soon becomes green with a kind of fine, tenacious grass. I dare not use weedkiller, because of the plants of thyme, thrift, and others, which are a feature of the path, and hand weeding is out of the question, so I have now become initiated into the mysteries of a plumber's blow-lamp, which I would commend to anyone placed in similar circumstances. From a painful and distressing ordeal weeding my cobbled path has become one of the greatest joys of the garden. I get it fully charged, and then direct the force of its flame on to the weeds, crooning the while, and watching them shrivel up and perish with a kind of devilish glee. My only trouble now is that I cannot find enough suitably placed weeds on which to operate.

Talking of paths reminds me of one I saw recently, made entirely of upturned bottles. It was bordered by a row of rather larger bottles, standing a little higher out of the ground, and in almost every one of them had appeared a graceful fern ; they must have been almost air-tight, and believe it or not, some of the bottles still had the corks in them, but the fern was there, just the same. How they got there is a mystery to me ; perhaps others can solve it. All I know is that the ferns cannot be induced to grow away from their bottles.

But I was writing of troubles, and this brings me back to my roses. They were full of promise a few weeks ago, and they look healthy enough now, but I was surprised at the appalling number of " blind " shoots, which ought to be showing a bud. I examined them carefully, and discovered in nearly every case a filthy, fat, little brown maggot had eaten out the tiny bud, or was busily engaged in so doing. I must have squashed hundreds, and I have lost as many roses, or more. This is the larvæ of one of the Tortrix moths, and must surely be one of the worst of the rose pests, because it attacks the most vital part, and its presence is not easily detected. No doubt if I had dusted thoroughly earlier on with nicotine powder I could have prevented the attack, but I forgot. I am doing it now,

rather late in the day, but not too late, I hope, to save something from the wreck.

My crimson and pink May trees are showing colour as I write, a sight which always puts me in a good humour. I like the hawthorns, there is something typically British about them, and they always seem neat and tidy. The fact that they flower late, after the main spring pageant is over, is a recommendation, rather than otherwise.

From my point of view, I am afraid I do not share the craze for earliness in everything which seems to be so popular nowadays. I confess, if I were planting the trees of a smallish garden, I should not find it easy to decide whether to plump for one brief splash of glory, or to aim at a more modest spread-over. I think it would probably be the latter. I am always ready to sing the praises of the cherries and the peaches, but theirs is but a brief performance. The flowers soon pale and turn rusty under the influence of the May-day sunshine, and it is apt to prove a little unsatisfying if there is nothing else to continue the show, and the garden looks the poorer by comparison. I think I would rather start with the almond and go quietly through the whole procession of colour: the prunus, the peach, the cherry, the laburnum, and the hawthorn, and perhaps finish up with a catalpa, one of the loveliest of garden trees, and one of the latest to flower.

Talking of earliness, I often find so many gardeners, especially amateurs, always seem in such a hurry to sow their seeds. My experience is that early sowing has little to recommend it in a general way, and more often than not the results are disappointing. Take a season like this. Many of the early-sown annuals have failed to deliver the goods as per expectations, and those sown three weeks or a month later are already scampering ahead. I am still sowing hardy annuals (mid-May), and by the time these lines are in print I hope also to have sown the half-hardy kinds out of doors.

In late May and early June seeds germinate quickly, and grow on without checks or delays provided, of course, that they are kept supplied with moisture as and when required. I have had splendid plants of stocks and asters

in September from an early June sowing, as well as nemesias and many other half-hardy annuals, and I think there is a good deal to be said for a good late show, after the summer holiday is over. In the kitchen garden, too, late sowings frequently give better results than the earlier ones. Main crop carrots and beet, for example, respond well to a late sowing. In many districts it is extremely difficult to escape the attention of the carrot-fly, which more often than not spells disaster to the main crop. However, if sowing is delayed till early June, when the fly has gone, there is still ample time for the development of serviceable roots for the winter store, and in my opinion they are sweeter and less coarse than those which have had a longer season of growth. The same applies to the beetroots; an overgrown root is often "woody," and of inferior flavour. For my part, I do not grow the long or main crop beets nowadays, not that I have anything against them, except size. I find the intermediate type, which is about half-way between the "globe" and the "long" suits my palate as well as any. It keeps just as well in the winter store, and has the great advantage of accommodating itself to an ordinary saucepan, which in these days of gas and electric cookers and limited spaces is a decided advantage.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE international situation has come to resemble nothing so much as a chapter of *Alice in Wonderland.* In the first place we have General Franco, whom most decent-minded people acclaimed as a Christian champion, devoting all his energies to fighting the Basques, who are just as good Catholics as he and his followers; while the said Basques, who were strong Carlists until yesterday, are now the allies of the atheistic Government of Valencia, which has slaughtered priests and Royalists by the thousand. If there had been any statesmanship in Spain, this would not have happened. Then, on the other side of the Pyrenees, the French Right opposes a Hapsburg restoration for no other reason than that it is advocated by M. Blum, while the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris encourages the faithful to support the *Front Populaire.*

Nor is the British Government by any means guiltless of helping to make the existing confusion worse confounded. Having advocated the principle of non-intervention in Spain, and encouraged other Powers to adopt it, we now use British warships to break the blockade of Bilbao, and to ease the task of the defenders by assisting in the removal of the juvenile population. Furthermore, the Foreign Office has endeavoured, so far unsuccessfully, to persuade the Non-Intervention Committee to intervene. All this may be justifiable, but it is as perplexing to the ordinary man in the street as it would be if Stalin invited the Grand Duke Cyril to pay an official visit to Moscow.

The Spanish Situation

IT is no use disguising the fact that during the past few weeks British public opinion has swung away from General Franco: this is not to say that his opponents have become more popular in this country, but rather that the prevailing tendency is to feel there is little to choose between the two sides. This is entirely the fault of the Nationalists themselves. Never was so good a case so badly stated. General Franco's *communiqués* are always hours, and

sometimes days, later than those of the Reds, while the treatment of English Press correspondents in Nationalist Spain is worse than a crime, it is a blunder. If the Nationalists wish to assist the British enemies of their cause, they are certainly going the right way to work.

The bombing of Guernica is a case in point. First of all, General Franco denies that any of his planes went up on the day in question, and that the town was destroyed by the retreating Basques themselves. Then he admits that a few bombs may have been dropped. Finally, we are told that as there was a small-arms factory at Guernica it was a legitimate object of attack. This last statement appears to be true, but why was it not made in the first instance? Such apparent disingenuousness creates the worst possible impression. One is, indeed, left with the doubt whether General Franco has any real control of his subordinates. In any event, it is little use for the Nationalists to expect any widespread support in Great Britain until they drastically overhaul their propaganda department.

Above all, the Nationalists' attitude towards the Coronation was in the worst possible taste. One can understand, and sympathize with, their anger at the policy of the Government, but the remarks made in the broadcast on May 12th were a deliberate insult to the Crown. If this position is maintained it will not be easy for loyal subjects of His Majesty King George VI to view the Spanish Nationalist movement with any great favour. What has happened is the more surprising in view of the fact that so many of General Franco's followers are themselves Royalists.

The British Attitude

THE blockade of Bilbao raises the most complicated questions of international law, and the partisans of either side are hurling such terms as "the three-mile limit" and "recognition of belligerent rights" at one another. So far as the layman is concerned, the lesson of other people's civil wars seems to be that we always get into trouble, whatever we do. In America we accorded belligerent rights to both Federals and Confederates, and yet there were the *Trent* and *Alabama* complications. In

the present instance (probably as a sop to the Left at home and in France) we have taken the opposite line, and seem to be equally unfortunate in becoming involved. Neutrality has different meanings, according to the position of those who attempt to define it, as we learnt to our cost during the War of American Independence.

If there was money to be made out of selling food to the people in Bilbao, it is difficult to blame the Government for taking advantage of the fact, for the Basques have not put themselves outside the pale of humanity like the bloodthirsty ruffians who got themselves shut up in Iviza, and whom the British Navy very properly refused to help. On the other hand, one cannot help wishing that both this and the evacuation of non-combatants had not been done in the name of humanitarianism. It smacks too much of that hypocrisy which makes us unpopular on the Continent. Had the boot been on the other foot, and had British ships been blockading Bilbao, the humanitarianism of those who rendered our blockade ineffective would not have been apparent.

Anglo-Italian Relations

In spite of the agreement a few months ago, the relations between Great Britain and Italy are going from bad to worse, and that for no apparent reason. A friend who is at present in Italy, and who has known Italians intimately for many years, writes of the prospect of Italian aggression towards this country, "I always find that idea regarded as so ridiculous that I cannot get it taken seriously." This is undoubtedly true, and only a handful of Socialists here want war with Italy, but nevertheless the situation is every day becoming more unsatisfactory. It seems as if in both countries there were a number of people determined to play with fire without realizing the risks they are running.

Italy has many friends in Great Britain, but it must be admitted that of late they have received little encouragement from Rome. For example, at the inaugural lunch of the Right Book Club a few weeks ago, Lord Stonehaven, the chairman, and other speakers made a powerful appeal for Anglo-Italian co-operation but, so far as I am aware,

there was no echo from across the Alps. Nor is this an isolated instance. Meanwhile, evidence of anti-British propaganda in the Near East continues to accumulate, and the Italian Press shows little restraint in its attitude towards Great Britain. Now is the time, before it is too late, for Signor Mussolini to show that those who are trying to trouble the waters cannot expect any countenance from him, however much they may be encouraged in other extremely influential quarters, where, it must be admitted, such an attitude is comprehensible, though to be regretted.

The New Alignment

THE danger is that if Anglo-Italian relations are allowed to deteriorate still further, other Powers may become involved. Rome and Berlin are now very close together, largely owing to the ineptitude of British diplomacy in not using the Austrian question to keep them apart, and if we become involved in a quarrel with Italy, we shall almost certainly have one with Germany as well. For assistance against the Italo-German *bloc* we could only look to a divided France, and to a Russia which might at any moment sell her allies as she has done a dozen times in the past. In this connection it may be remarked that there is very real fear in many circles in Paris that if a *casus fœderis* arises, Russia will be found playing for her own hand.

A new Triple Alliance and a new Triple Entente seem to be taking shape before our eyes, and with the memory of what this alignment produced before still fresh in our minds, the situation is hardly reassuring. Moreover, it would have been embarrassing enough had Italy declared against us in 1914, but it would be infinitely more so to-day; whereas France is, temporarily, at all events, weaker than she was then. As for Russia, apart altogether from her undesirability as an ally on ethical grounds, she is separated from the States of the Italo-German *bloc* by nations which are determined to make their neutrality respected. If the ladies and gentlemen, in the House of Commons and elsewhere, who are continually attacking Germany and Italy

would reflect on these facts, they would be less voluble. Anyhow, most of them are not the people who would have to do the fighting.

The Concert of Europe

THE League of Nations being moribund, the Concert of Europe seems to have risen from the dead in the guise of the Non-Intervention Committee. Unfortunately, as so often during its earlier existence, it lacks a conductor, so the members are playing different tunes, with the result that there is a great volume of sound, but very little else. Signor Mussolini is clearly endeavouring to persuade Herr Hitler to support his project of a Four-Power Pact, at which the French still look askance, though it probably offers them the best guarantee of security they will ever obtain on paper.

The League failed because, except for their membership of it, the component Powers had no common basis of agreement. Some of them wanted to use it to preserve the *status quo*, others to alter it, with the consequence that the League swayed across the road from side to side until it fell into a ditch, where it is still hopelessly bogged. Whether the new revelation is to take the form of a permanent Non-Intervention Committee, of a revived Concert, or of a Four-Power Pact it will not be possible to be optimistic until the Great Powers have agreed on the main outlines of what they want. The two Continental statesmen of last century were Metternich and Bismarck: one wanted to avoid, and the other to precipitate, a change in the established order. At any rate, they knew where they stood. Do their successors know?

The Far East

IF the clouds in Europe seem to be gathering, in the Far East they are lifting, and after years of tension the relations between Great Britain and Japan have taken a turn for the better. The General Election in the latter country shows that the Japanese are weary of military rule, and there are indications that the Emperor shares their views. Nor is this all, for the policy of expansion in China

is becoming subject to the law of diminishing returns, for there are limits to the progress of an island Power on the mainland opposite its shores, as we discovered during the Hundred Years War. Such considerations are rendering the Japanese Government less bellicose, and more ready to let bygones be bygones with this country.

From the British point of view nothing but good can come out of a renewed friendship with Japan. She is the one stable factor in the Far East, and with so many dangers threatening nearer home, an amicable understanding with her is essential. Incidentally, this change in the situation is the first result of the construction of the Singapore Base and of rearmament, both of which it abundantly vindicates. If we are strong we shall never lack friends. Whether M. Litvinoff will like this, is another problem, but it does not greatly matter. Japan can be of far more assistance to us in the East and in the Pacific than Russia can ever be in Europe.

French Politics

THREATENED men proverbially live long, and M. Blum is no exception; not that it is his own life, but that of his administration, which is in danger. Even his supporters do not expect him to carry on much longer, and they consider that the difficult situation thus created will be overcome by a dissolution of the Chamber. So contrary to precedent is this, although quite constitutional, that it would almost be a revolutionary act. The Right, on the other hand, believe that the fall of M. Blum will be the signal for a Communist rising in Paris, possibly followed by a German invasion of Alsace-Lorraine; so that, although they are extremely desirous of getting rid of the Government, they are equally nervous of the immediate consequences, for which most of them seem quite unprepared.

For years France appeared to be the one belligerent that was fundamentally unaffected by the War, and it is only now she is feeling its full effects. The Left maintain that the present troubles are merely superficial, that the Communists are not really extreme, and that in due course they will settle down into something like the British Labour

Party. However this may be, and such reasoning requires to be taken with a good deal of salt, there can be no doubt that the old parties of the Right now carry very little weight. The British Press still attaches a good deal of importance to them, and employs the pens of their publicists, but no one in France any longer takes them seriously. As for the *Croix de Feu*, now the *Parti Social Français*, its influence is steadily waning, while the *Action Française* has lost much ground, of late, and is said to be regarded with disfavour by the Duc de Guise, whose claim to the throne it nominally exists to support.

Jacques Doriot

THE outstanding figure in French politics to-day is Jacques Doriot. Originally a Communist deputy, he left that party when he became convinced of its insincerity, and he has founded the *Parti Populaire Français*. There is nothing of the Fascist about him, and the main plank in his platform is the reassertion of those liberties which are endangered by the mob-violence of the Communists and the complacency of the Government in face of it. M. Doriot is the first great popular orator the Right has possessed for many a long year, but he is no demagogue, and his speeches are masterpieces of reasoned argument. He certainly does not aspire to be a dictator, and is not only willing, but anxious, to co-operate with all who wish to establish true freedom in France.

For many reasons M. Doriot might well be called the Joseph Chamberlain of his country. As Mayor of St. Denis he has transformed that suburb of Paris from a by-word of squalor into a model municipality, and alone among French politicians he is really interested in social problems. One has only to hear him speak to realize how extremely well-informed he is on all questions, both domestic and foreign, and his mind is that of his fellow-countrymen at their best. Above all, he is the one man whom the warring groups of the Right and Centre are prepared to follow. It is to be regretted that M. Doriot should be relatively unknown in this country, of which he is a sincere friend,

but it can be confidently predicted that his name will be a household word on this side of the Channel before long.

A Voice from the Past

"It is very desirable that the people of England should arrive at some conclusion as to the conditions on which the government of Europe can be carried on. They will perhaps after due reflection discover that ancient communities like the European, must be governed either by traditionary influences, or by military force. . . . A dynasty may be subverted, but it leaves as its successor a family of princely pretenders; a confiscated aristocracy takes the shape of factions; a plundered Church acts on the tender consciences of toiling millions; corporate bodies displaced from their ancient authority no longer contribute their necessary and customary quota to the means of government; outraged tradition in multiplied forms enfeebles or excruciates the reformed commonwealth. In this state of affairs, after a due course of paroxysms, for the sake of maintaining order and securing the rights of industry, the State quits the senate and takes refuge in the camp.

" . . . England is the only important European community that is still governed by traditionary influences, and amid the shameless wreck of nations she alone has maintained her honour, her liberty, her order, her authority, and her wealth." (*Benjamin Disraeli*. LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.)

Altarwise By Owl-Light

By Pamela Hansford Johnson

> *Altarwise by owl-light in the half-way house*
> *The gentleman lay graveward with his furies.*
>
> DYLAN THOMAS.

THE house lying midway between the villages of Shrove and Tuesday stood on a high ridge rank with dandelion and Old Man's Beard, with nettle and dockleaves long enough to drown a tramp. But no tramps ever came to lie in the ditch below, for the house was too dreary a sleeping companion and the trees that seethed across the blind upper windows went about their dancing in too heartbreaking a fashion to bring ease to the traveller sheltering in their shadow.

The way from Shrove to Tuesday was long and silent, yet no country walkers ever took their long legs up to the door of the house or knocked for a glass of water on the kitchen panes, for it was well-known that the Cantrips gave no entry to visitors.

In the top room, under the winged gables, old Simon Cantrip lay in bed. He was very ill. The whiskers had grown like tangleweed over his cheeks and into his ears and he smelled evilly, for neither Miss Fanny Cantrip nor Miss Morganlefay Cantrip cared to go about the business of washing him. They knew that he must die soon because, apart from his long illness, they had for months past been giving him sweet poison in his jar of night-syrup.

Miss Fanny walked with her sister in the garden. The grass was slimy with recent rain. Miss Fanny wore yellow galoshes to protect her feet from the damp. She herself was very dry; her skin was flaky, her hair brittle with years.

Miss Morganlefay was younger. She was tall and thin; in her black dress she looked like an ebony pole, unribboned with maytime, planted by a madman in the earth. She pointed to the window of the top room.

"When father dies," she said, "for many years after we shall see him leaning over the sill, like the little green

ghost of Petrouchka." Miss Morganlefay was the artistic one. She had visited the ballet and the opera.

Impatiently, Miss Fanny pinched her arm. "Stuff," she said, "stuff and nonsense. Petrouchka would be out of place in an English tragedy."

Her sister shrugged. "Have it your own way. You never had any imagination."

They paced together down the tangled paths. Miss Fanny knocked a spider-web to streamers with her stick. Miss Morganlefay stamped her foot smartly upon the late tenant as he tried to trundle away across the stones.

Though the sisters could hear old Simon crying for company, they took no notice. He cried like that every day. It was cruel, he said, that they should keep him shut up all alone with no one to talk to. This annoyed Miss Fanny. He should know by now that she was too busy about the house to bother with callers, even if callers came. Once he had asked if she would not write to one or two of his old friends, asking them if they would come and smoke a pipe in his room, talk to him freely as in the days when he was a nimble-witted young man, even though he was now too weak to speak to them at great length in return, but to this request Fanny thought it needless to reply. She had just laughed at him, drawn the curtains, for punishment, against the sunshine that gave him some small pleasure, and left him to himself from noon till supper time.

Miss Morganlefay tickled the white frill at her breast. With thumb and forefinger she drew down the wrinkles from her cheeks. Miss Fanny watched her. "You're ageing," she said.

Her sister smiled. Nipping out a white hair from Fanny's temples, she dropped it on a dark leaf for all the world of slug and spider to see and deride.

The breeze had dropped. The sky soured yellowish along the western ridge. To-night there would be more rain. Miss Fanny held out her hand. A big drop fell on to the palm of it, trembled, and ran along the life-line. Taking off her scarf she draped it around her head, crossing the ends under her chin and throwing them back over her

shoulders. Miss Morganlefay laughed. She was not scared by the weathers.

The sisters went into the house. Beneath the bay window in the parlour tea was laid. They sat down. Miss Fanny flicked a fly off the butter and cut away, with her knife, the pastures his little feet had trod. Through the ceiling they could hear the dunting of the old man's stick on the floor. They smiled at each other. He could wait for his slop of bread and milk. They did the work while he lay idle upstairs. It was only right that the living should be considered before the dead.

Miss Fanny liked her tea weak, with three lumps of sugar. Miss Morganlefay liked her tea strong with neither milk nor sugar, but a half-moon of lemon floating in it.

§

Mr. Simon Cantrip licked his lips because they were so dry, then spat out the disagreeable hairs that he had raked up with his tongue. It grew dark. He was very thirsty and very hungry. The headlamps of a passing car swept their rods of light across the ceiling. The old man wished there was something else for him to do. The days were so long. Already he had counted, times beyond number, the dead fruit on the wallpaper, the knobs along the bedrail, the stripes on the valance of the dressing-table. He had worked the edge of the sheet into a hundred little pleats, he had sucked up the pillow-case around his head into a dozen little wet mountains, and he had bitten nine of his fingernails to the quick. He was saving the tenth for to-morrow, so that he should wake knowing there was still something left undone.

He said the alphabet right through, forwards, backwards and missing out alternate letters. He said the Lord's Prayer both ways, too. He had already counted up to one hundred, but he could not remember what figures came after that and he was too tired to go back to the beginning. So now there was nothing for him to do but think, and he disliked thinking because it made him more unhappy.

Consider, he said to himself, the lilies of my field; how they grew. Fanny was a spiky child, quick as lightning with her hands but slow with her heart. Morganlefay was neither quick of hand nor heart, but she was the clever one.

He remembered the days, just before his illness, when he had taken her to town to the ballet and the opera. He refused to take Fanny because she would not wear a frock that had no sleeves in it, nor go out into the night unhatted. But Morganlefay, in her corner of the stage-box, had looked quite handsome. She had worn a black dress with shining beads in flowers on her breast and in fringes over the tops of her arms. She had put white powder on her face and had fastened the hard knot of her hair with a shining comb. She would not talk of the dancers nor of the men and women who sang so beautifully and she would not lift her hands to applaud; but for all that you could see that she was seeing, tell that she was hearing. She might have been a soft woman had a young man loved her.

Mr. Simon Cantrip sighed deeply. He knew that she and her sister were poisoning him. However foolish they thought him, he could still detect the queerness in the syrup. It was only the dark bottle that he had not seen; he wondered whether Miss Fanny kept it in her reticule or Miss Morganlefay in the pocket of her sewing-apron. He wondered. But he was too old to guess and, anyway, he did not care. To save himself he might make a Deed of Gift, transferring to his daughters all that he had, thereby saving them a great deal of trouble and risk. He might, but why should he? He did not want to live, for he was tired and lonely, and one of the few pleasures left to him was speculating how long the poison would take to work. Perhaps it was working now, slowly and painlessly, in which case Miss Fanny and Miss Morganlefay were good women and kind.

Starting out of his headaching thoughts, he banged again on the floor. He was terribly, terribly thirsty! They should give him his milk, they should, they should!

§

A traveller making his way from Shrove to Tuesday, climbed up the ridge, pushed his way through the webbed brown daisies that obscured the path, and knocked on the door of the halfway house just as the rain fell heavily.

Miss Fanny cleared away the tea-things. Miss Morganlefay took out her fancy work and started on the intricate shading of a threaded petal.

Old Simon, hearing the noise, trembled with glee. "All right, old chap," he called, hoping that his feeble voice would, by some magic chance, carry to the garden. "They may not let you in now, but you'll be in the house before midnight. You'll be in, all right." He drew the bedclothes to his chin. He was happy. He knew who the fellow was.

Miss Fanny and Miss Morganlefay did not. Had they known they might not have sent him away.

The traveller, hearing no response to his knocking, no sound of footsteps along the hallway, went back down the path once more. He had an errand in Tuesday. He would see to that first and then return. The rain drenched down. It fell on every face in the open country except his own.

§

The sisters shuttered the night out. Sitting down on either side of the open hearth, they spoke of pleasant things. Miss Fanny was knitting a teacosy in red and yellow wool. She had clean forgotten to take bread and milk to Simon, and Miss Morganlefay could not be bothered to remind her.

"The days draw in," said Miss Fanny; "it is quite dark by five."

"I wish I were rich," said Miss Morganlefay. "I would buy a gramophone and play on it the music I heard at the opera."

"If I were rich," said her sister, "I would change paper into gold and keep it in a big safe."

"We will both be rich some day."

"Some day soon," agreed Miss Fanny, with satisfaction.

Miss Morganlefay rolled her brooch of black opals round and round between her fingers. "I hate poor people." She smelt the sweat of their rags. "Faugh!" she said, and crossed the room to open the windows a little at the top. Miss Fanny shivered with cold. Taking up a shawl, she arranged it on her shoulders. "It must be cold in the draughty, jerrybuilt houses at Tuesday," she said.

"There's a sick baby there," said Miss Morganlefay, "a baby of poor people."

"Yes," said Miss Fanny, "Mrs. Holly's baby. Poor little thing! How I hope it gets well and does not die!" She was so concerned that she dropped two great red stitches.

§

Let us consider Miss Fanny Cantrip as she goes about the kitchen preparing supper for old Simon. The rustle of her dress is dry on the stones. She changes silk for serge as the autumn comes on, for she feels the cold.

She stirs a mess of porridge in the pan over the fire. She has burned it a little round the edges, but she does not worry about that. She will scrape the black part underneath.

On the wall is a list, neatly painted in black on white wood, of sundry household necessities, with a little hole next to each. Into the holes opposite "Butter," "Eggs," "Rice," and "Flour," Miss Fanny drives four little red pegs, so that she may forget nothing to-morrow when she goes in a dog-cart to Shrove.

She makes the syrup; blackcurrant it is, with hot water added and one drop of colourless liquid from the green bottle. She ladles out the porridge, slops it with milk, and sticks a spoon like a flag into the top of it. Simon has to be fed like a child, though no child would eat so dirtily. Morganlefay feeds him. It is her share of the work.

The rain drives inward through the open window, spattering the piled crockery on the draining board.

The traveller, did Miss Fanny know it, is nearly at Tuesday. He will spend an hour or so there.

Miss Fanny thinks of pleasant matters, of the money she will save when old Simon goes, of the fine satin dress she will buy for best, thick enough to last a lifetime. She remembers the day when she would not put on evening dress. Because of that the old man refused to take her to the opera ; which was what she wanted, for she felt she could not bear to sit side by side in public with handsome Morganlefay, knowing that she would be robbed by her sister's dark dazzle of the last light she possessed. Yet all had gone well. No young men had come to bear Morganlefay to their proud houses, to lead her up the satisfying aisle, and she had aged and withered even as Fanny had aged and withered until there was no distinguishing ray between the two of them.

Miss Fanny pours the hot syrup into a jar and sets it with the porridge on a tray. She slips the bottle into her reticule. She wears a large black silk purse hanging from her waist by a leather strap like a dog's lead. Now she is ready to go upstairs to the old man.

§

Let us consider Miss Morganlefay Cantrip as she veins a green leaf with golden thread. Later she is to feed the old man. That is her job ; Fanny's is to get his meal and set it on the tray.

Miss Morganlefay is intent on her embroidery. Her nose seems to follow the yellow serpent as it pricks its way along from vein to stem. Her nose is small and sharp with a pink dot at the tip of it. She pauses for a moment to spread her skirts more graciously about her feet because she cannot bear that even the eunuch shadows should see her at a disadvantage, and when her skirts are rucked up a little above her ankles she is at a disadvantage indeed, for then it can be seen that her stockings are clumsily-knitted

to keep out the cold. It is only in her legs that she feels the weathers; she is prone to rheumatism.

She bites the silk with her teeth, wincing a little at the unpleasant tingle of the thread on the nerve. She chooses a fresh colour, turning her attention to the tobacco heart of a rose.

She has waited long for the old man to die, for when he does so she will be rich, and a young man, blind to the meaningless mask of age, will ask her hand in marriage. She will live in a proud house, lit by shaded sun in the daytime and by candleglow at night, and she will buy such rich salves for her face that the wrinkles will disappear of themselves, unsmoothed by a finger and thumb.

Miss Morganlefay thinks she will go to the ballet and to the opera. She will hear the fat Norse gods shouting their way to Valhalla, she will see the little green ghost of Petrouchka wagging over the side of his box. But then, she says to herself, perhaps Fanny is right; there is no place for Petrouchka in an English tragedy.

In the oak-tree outside the window sits an owl. He hoots his woe at the rain. His feathers are damp; the water has so clotted the plumy fringes of his great gold eyes that he must blink and blink to keep his vision sharp to the sneaking mouse.

Miss Morganlefay, hearing his cry, holds her hands to the flames for joy that she is so warm while he is so cold. Mr. Simon Cantrip is hooting like an owl for his supper, but she cannot hear that. The ceilings are too thick.

Miss Fanny comes in with the tray. "Better get it over," she says. Now they are ready to go upstairs to the old man.

§

Consider Mr. Simon Cantrip as he lies upstairs sucking a strangely furred acid-drop. As he leaned out of bed just now to bang upon the floor he found the sweet lying on the carpet. Miss Fanny eats acid-drops. It must have fallen from her pocket. The tablet is fresh and sour upon the tongue, and Simon is appeased. He can wait a little

longer for his supper. Nevertheless, he moans his hunger aloud; he does not want his daughters to think him more occupied than usual, for that might make them hasten upstairs to see what was happening and Mr. Simon, for the first time in several years, desires solitude.

He has a fine plan in his head. He will serve Miss Fanny and Miss Morganlefay even as they have served him, and he will do it with a cunning for which neither of them would give him credit. He knows now where the small bottle is hidden. It is in Miss Fanny's reticule. It could not be in Miss Morganlefay's needlework pocket because she would be too afraid that it might come unstoppered and spoil her silks.

In a vase on the mantelshelf are three peacock's feathers. The old man cannot see them now because it is black in the room save for a thin patterning of rainy light on the wall, but he knows that their shining circles are obliterated by dust and that along the quivering antennæ a spider crawls. Mr. Simon sometimes fancies that he can see in the dark: but then the pictures form, not beyond his eyes but behind his forehead, far, far back in his head.

He will work as cunningly as the spider. Before Miss Morganlefay has time to light the two bedhead candles he will have pickpocketed Miss Fanny and taken death away from her. And then what will he do? He will be very ill, oh, very ill! and they shall stay up all night to watch him die. He will die, of course; he would not for the world disappoint his daughters, but before that happens he will play a little joke upon them.

Mr. Simon Cantrip hears his four-legged supper coming up the stairs.

§

Mr. Simon moaned like the owl in the oak-tree.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Miss Fanny. Miss Morganlefay, hurrying to the bedside, fumbled for matches with which to light the candle but could find none, because the old man had hidden them under the sheet.

He cried out with a great noise. Setting the tray on top of the chest of drawers, Miss Fanny came to his side. Her sister went about the room, groping for light.

The rain hit the window-panes, shivered with the force of its impact, and dribbled like mercury down the glass.

Mr. Simon clutched Miss Fanny. With one hand he plucked at her breasts and her skirt as if for comfort. With the other he nibbled at the clasp of her reticule, and all the while he howled like a man gone mad. Miss Fanny's heart was beating. He must be in a bad way. In less than an hour he would, with any luck, be gone. In less than an hour she and Miss Morganlefay would be rich, with money for minting and money for young men.

"What's the matter with you?" she repeated, hardly able to speak for the trembling of her lips.

Mr. Simon smiled in the dark. He had found the little bottle and had hidden it with the matches beneath the sheet. Now he thought he had better put the matchbox back on the table for Miss Morganlefay to find. He was so pleased that he almost forgot to howl.

Meanwhile, the traveller was on his way back from Tuesday. Now he was only a mile or so from the half-way house.

The candles were lit. The raindrops on the window flashed with sudden gold. The old nan, peering beady-eyed over the blankets, was now a little worried. Though he had, by his cleverness, captured death, he did not know how to use it. Miss Fanny set the tray on a chair by the bed. The old man saw the wicked syrup, and he wanted to laugh. He was sad again, however, when he saw the porridge, for it had caught the fire round the edges and the burnt taste always made him retch. Usually they forced him to eat it whether he wanted to or not, but to-night he would resist them. Childishly he turned his head away. A rainy tear ran down into his whiskers. Miss Fanny lightly slapped him on the cheek.

"What's the matter with you?"

He did not answer.

"Let me try," said Miss Morganlefay; "I can do more

with him than you can." She shook him. Mr. Simon remembered to moan.

"I am very weak," he said, glancing slyly from one to the other to see if they believed him. "I think that I am dying."

Miss Fanny tried to make him sit up so that he could eat his porridge, but he pushed her from him and he crouched even lower in the bed. He was saying the Lord's Prayer to himself, saying it the right way round, too, for he needed help. Something must happen to show him what he should do. Miss Morganlefay held the syrup to his lips. He drank it greedily, trying not to smile at their stupidity. They imagined that he didn't know!

After that he seemed very ill indeed, weeping like a child, complaining of an ache he could not define, even vomiting a little over his flannel nightshirt.

The traveller was less than half a mile from the halfway house. The rain fell on every face in the open country except his own. He had performed his errand in Tuesday and was a little sad for poor Mrs. Holly.

Mr. Simon Cantrip pretended to sleep. Miss Fanny Cantrip, creeping to her sister's side, whispered: "We'd better sit up with him. It should be soon now, and we shall have to tell the doctor about his peaceful end."

Miss Morganlefay nodded. She agreed. Sitting down one on either side of the bed, they watched the old man. The room was quiet. The ticking of the clock was very loud and very slow. The owl hooted for loneliness in the drenched oak-tree. Mr. Simon answered each call with a small, distressful cry of his own. The sisters bent their heads to hear, for they were sure that it could not be long now.

Miss Morganlefay said she was cold. "We may have to sit here all night," she said fretfully.

"Wrap yourself in the eiderdown," said Miss Fanny. They were silent for a long while.

The traveller had arrived before his time. Patiently he watched the house until his hour should come. Had either of the sisters glanced out of the window they would have seen his face uplifted to their own.

Miss Morganlefay, peevish with weariness, asked if Miss Fanny would not go down to the kitchen and boil up some of the black-currant syrup to ease the long waiting.

Mr. Simon, hearing her, crimped his toes with excitement.

Miss Fanny thought it a good idea. She saw no reason why a whole household should be made uncomfortable just because an old man was dying.

As she went about the kitchen she did not hear the traveller rapping his knuckles on the pane, nor did she see his face pressed against the glass. She filled two tumblers with the syrup, sipped a little from her own to see that it was strong enough, and returned to the top room.

She set the glasses on the old man's tray. The owl was noisier than ever in the tree. Miss Morganlefay rose and came round the bed to take her glass, but before she could do so the old man had shot out an arm and pushed the lattice window ajar. The rain doused in on a wing of wind, and out went the candles. Then there was high confusion. Miss Fanny shrieked with irritation, Miss Morganlefay blundered back to look for the matches, but as the old man had knocked them on to the floor she had a long search.

Miss Fanny blamed the wretched fastenings of the window.

Miss Morganlefay blamed the wicked weather. On all fours she raked along the carpet.

Mr. Simon Cantrip sat up in the dark. He was as strong as a lion, nimble-witted as the boy he used to be. In his hand was the stolen death-bottle. Quickly he emptied its contents into the two glasses, trying to gauge an equal share for each. Then, nipping the bottle under the pillow, he lay back, to give as pretty an imitation of an old man sleeping as one would wish to see.

Miss Morganlefay lit the candles and put out the dark. Securely she latched the window. She smiled at Miss Fanny and Miss Fanny smiled back. Together they drank their glassfuls of steaming syrup and, because one was thinking of young men and the other of minted gold, they noticed nothing strange in the taste of it.

Mr. Simon was very tired. His prank had been a great effort to him, and now he wanted to sleep in good earnest.

The rain ceased. In the oak-tree the draggled owl closed his eyes.

§

The traveller knocked at the door. Shaking themselves as from a long sleep, Miss Fanny and Miss Morganlefay rose up. Hand in hand, like little children, they went downstairs and lifted the bars.

He came in. Thinking him only a friend of the old man's, they knew him and were not afraid, for they could not guess the joke that had been played upon them. Miss Fanny would have offered their guest dry clothes, but saw that he had no need for them, being unharmed by the weathers. She felt a strange expectancy. The traveller touched her cheek and she fell to the ground. Miss Morganlefay looked on. Curiously she tickled the frill at her throat. Then she fingered her flesh, wondering that her heart should rise suddenly like the tassel of a fountain into her mouth. The traveller, because she was younger than Miss Fanny, smoothed her breast as a lover should, and she fell to the ground.

He went on his way upstairs to the old man.

§

The little mouse squeaked his coming, hopping before him silk-footed from step to step. He came to the top room. For a moment he wondered if he were too early, but the clock ticked an answer.

The old man had no need to cry "Come in," for the door yielded to the finger of the traveller's shadow. The clock struck. With a sudden whirring of steel it ran to a stop. The pendulum shivered and stood still.

The traveller crossed the floor till he came to the bedside. He smiled down at the old man and the old man smiled

back. They understood each other too well to worry about making conversation.

Unlatching itself, the window swung inward, bringing the grassy night-air with it. A few drops tinkled from the eaves. As the moon mounted the sky, the bedhead candles flickered and went out.

The traveller leaned over the counterpane.

He and Mr. Simon Cantrip shook hands.

§

And in the years after, if the old man, like the little green ghost of Petrouchka, ever leaned over the sill to see the weathers blowing to beauty the weeds in his dead garden, there was no one there to see him. But it is probable that he never did; he would have realized, with Miss Morganlefay, that Petrouchka has no place in an English tragedy.

The Royal Academy

TO OFFER a comprehensive criticism of the vast number of paintings and drawings annually exhibited at Burlington House is not an easy task. The variety of style and choice of subjects, the widely differing standards of merit of the exhibits themselves, all add to the complexity of the undertaking. Speaking generally it may be said that, technically, the whole of the pictures attain a high standard of efficiency in the various media employed by their authors. But this is not, of itself, enough.

It is the function of the artist to impart to his work some additional qualities of sensibility ; a more refined power of selection, a more searching rendering of the objects and scenes which serve as the point of departure for his composition. It must be admitted that, with certain exceptions, a lack of inspiration, a certain flatness of feeling, characterizes the present exhibition. To impart fire and distinction to the numerous official portraits of Aldermen, Justices of the Peace and captains of industry, which inevitably figure in any Academy is admittedly not a simple problem. The contemporary scene, however, is capable of providing admirable material for the trained and sensitive eye, while the main tradition of British landscape painting still offers a fruitful field for fresh interpretation. The landscapes do, in fact, save this year's Academy from a total lack of distinction. It may be added, moreover, that Burlington House has not yet offered to the discerning public anything approaching the deplorable orgy of vulgarity which annually adorns the galleries of the Salon in Paris.

Mr. Munnings, Mr. Algernon Newton, Mr. Stephen Bone, Mr. McIntosh Patrick, Mr. Charles M. Gere and Mr. Gerald Brockhurst are all responsible for work which would do credit to any collection of contemporary British paintings.

Mr. Munnings carries on nobly the tradition of Stubbs and Ben Marshall and is moreover a superb landscape painter, as the backgrounds of his equestrian portraits suffice to prove.

The " picture of the year," if one may so describe it, seems to me to be Mr. Algernon Newton's " River Scene." Nobly conceived and executed in a mellow and tranquil tone, this landscape deserved to be better hung than it is. Mr. Bone's " Stockholm in Winter " combines delicacy of draughtsmanship with a notable rendering of atmosphere. Both Mr. McIntosh Patrick's landscapes are of the highest technical merit and are in addition admirably composed ; in particular the " Ettrick Shepherd," with its echo of Peter Brueghel.

Mr. Charles Gere's luminous palette and acute sense of form and

balance are fully revealed in his "Snowdon Range," which is one of his best achievements so far. Mr. Brockhurst's place among British portrait painters and engravers, has long been assured, his high qualities of draughtsmanship and modelling and his very personal sense of style, are apparent in all his six exhibits in the exhibition under review.

Of the work of the younger or less well-known artists, the landscapes by Mr. R. O. Dunlop, Miss Kathleen Tyson and Miss Lily Joseph are worthy of attention. Sir George Clausen, now a veteran, is represented by three characteristic paintings which demonstrate his profound and delicate sense of atmosphere.

The largest canvas is Mr. Algernon Talmage's "Founding of Australia by Captain Philip, R.N., Saturday, 26th January, 1788." One's curiosity is aroused as to the condition of the territory and its inhabitants on Friday, 25th January, 1788, before the worthy Captain, had, so to speak, regularized their position.

The *Tailor and Cutter* will, as usual, find much to censure in the sartorial equipment of the sitters, but its heaviest thunderbolts will surely be reserved for Mr. William Turner, who has painted G. H. Faithfull, Esquire, in a dinner-jacket and a white tie! The ghost of the *douanier* Rousseau walks among the spectral Tarsiers of Mr. Billie Waters's "Malay Jungle," while the leaders of the totalitarian states would welcome Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's "My Turn Next," as evidence of a nice sense of duty to the nation.

"Brother Petch," a moustache-conscious mason, proves that Mr. George Belcher still dreams of marble halls, while his charlady is to be congratulated on a good day's haul in his somewhat unkind "The Bag."

Of the royal portraits which surround Mr. Hardiman's elongated bronze lion, one can only say that while the occasion demanded their presence, they are hardly worthy of the occasion. The lamentable state of repair of Reynolds' George III and Queen Charlotte, and the indifferent quality of the other portraits, forces one to regret that the Hanging Committee did not endeavour to secure the loan of some of the really fine portraits of our Kings which do, in fact, exist.

The water-colour drawings, etchings and engravings include many pleasing examples. Mr. Henry Rushbury, Mr. Muirhead Bone (whose newly granted knighthood will afford pleasure to his numerous admirers), Mr. Ian Strang and Mr. Robert Austin, all do justice to themselves. Mr. F. L. Griggs again makes us wish we had the entrée to his private world of noble and ancient buildings.

The sculpture is not marked by any striking achievements.

The art of miniature painting scarcely survived the eighteenth

century and would now appear to have attained the nadir of insipidity.

Of the work of such artists as Mr. Russell Flint, Sir Walter Russell, Mr. Philip Connard, Mr. W. G. de Glehn and other Academicians and Associates it may be observed that their followers will again find in them those characteristics which they have come to expect. The President, Sir William Llewellyn, shows three landscapes of quiet charm and Mr. Norman Wilkinson is represented by two animated and dignified marine paintings.

The Catalogue is prefaced by a quotation from John Constable which says: "I hope to show that ours is a regularly taught profession; that it is scientific as well as poetic."

In the present mechanized age it is sad to reflect that, even in the Royal Academy of Arts, science appears to have submerged poetry.

DAVID WOODFORD.

The Theatre

Shakespeare at Stratford

On the banks of the Avon stands a much-abused building. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is admittedly not pretty-pretty, yet it has grandeur and an air of purpose: as you motor into Stratford from the east you are unlikely to mistake it for anything but a theatre. This is surely all to the good—why should a building in which plays are performed be disguised as a Victorian town hall or a Georgian country house? And why should not a modern theatre be constructed in the modern style, even though it is there to honour Shakespeare? I cannot understand those querulous persons who complain because it was not raised in pseudo-Tudor or mock-Jacobean. There are enough would-be antiques in Stratford already, and no town can be olde worlde for ever. The time may come, of course, when the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is itself olde worlde, and is scheduled by the Office of Works for preservation as an ancient monument; but that hardly concerns you or me.

Nor is it my business to prattle about architecture. The reason for my going to Stratford a week or two ago was to see one of the productions in the current festival, which began on Easter Monday and continues until September 25th. The play I saw was *As You Like It*, and it was instructive to compare this presentation with that lately seen at the New Theatre. The London affair was rather elaborate and mildly eccentric—its decor, for example, was eighteenth-century. It also had a star: Miss Edith Evans. (Since Mr. Gielgud made Shakespeare again a metropolitan fashion, no manager has dared to offer any of the plays with a starless cast.) At Stratford the production was quite straightforward, and no star twinkled. Which, I think, is as it should be. A certain formality befits Shakespeare done in the Memorial Theatre—even if, as a variant in each festival, M. Komisarjevsky is given his head with *King Lear*. There is, too, small room for a star in a repertory company. Of more worth are good all-rounders such as Mr. Baliol Holloway, whose Jacques in *As You Like It* was superb. Probably Mr. Holloway plays this part better than any other actor alive; but that is beside the point. What matters is that he can play many other Shakespearean parts nearly as well; that is why he is so useful a member of the Festival team.

The company are fortunate in their audiences. Theatregoers at Stratford do not take seats for some social or other incidental reason; they are there because they happen to care for Shakespeare, and appreciate the sympathetic staging of his works. And this

enthusiasm has its effect on the players. It was notable, in *As You Like It*, how most of the performances—especially those of Mr. Donald Wolfit, as Touchstone, and Miss Valerie Tudor, as Celia—were warmed and improved by the sensitive response of the audience. Nor will this response grow less ready as the season wears on. In July and August some English patrons of the Memorial Theatre will doubtless be attracted elsewhere; but they will be replaced by foreign visitors, whose acclaim will be no less encouraging.

Let me end these few words on Stratford with an heretical suggestion. Is it essential that this Festival of twenty-six weeks should be wholly confined to Shakespeare? For variety's sake might there not be given at intervals—every fortnight, say—some non-Shakespearean piece? The change, I think, would not upset the actors; probably they would welcome it. Sophocles's *Oedipus Tyrannus*, the *Medea* of Euripides, Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*—such classic dramas could scarcely offend worshippers at the Shakespearean shrine. There might even be some carefully chosen Shaw—but perhaps that would be poaching on the Malvern Festival's preserves.

* * * * *

The "who did it?" thriller should not be despised—unless, of course, its crudities offend the intelligence. Most theatregoers like to dabble in detection and, besides, one is provided with a ready-made conversational gambit for the intervals. "I think it was the dear old lady with the ear-trumpet," say you. "I suspect the brawny, curly-haired young man in the check suit—he looks just too innocent," remarks another. "Personally," interjects a third, "I'm betting on the butler." Then you all troop back to watch the crime brought home to the vicar's gardener. It is admirable entertainment for a light-hearted evening.

The chief drawback of such pieces is usually the final unmasking, which can scarcely avoid seeming a tame end to three acts of speculation. So it is with Mr. Noel Scott's *And the Music Stopped*, which opened at the New Theatre on May 13th. But there is little else of which to complain in this account of the strange death of James Caraval.

The blackmailing James had many enemies, four of whom were in his flat when he expired in the kitchen. He had apparently been poisoned, but later examination showed that the murderer, taking no chances, had also used a stiletto. All four guests could have dropped the fatal something in Caraval's drink; three had had an opportunity to stab him. But presently a limping man, who earlier

had appeared in the flat and had departed after uttering a lurid threat or two, was discovered lurking on the roof, while a crazy brother of Caraval emerged from a hiding-place upstairs. Might not one or the other, or both, have been concerned in the murder? It certainly seemed possible. And so complication followed complication, until at last the handcuffs clicked on the killer's wrists.

A good cast takes the play along at the necessary speed—the audience must not be given time to pick holes in the argument. Mr. Edmund Willard appears both as Caraval and as the imbecile brother, bringing to one part a battery of savage leers and twisted smiles, to the other the knowing looks and defiant boasting of the insane. Miss Phyllis Dare makes a number of brittle quips sound better than they are, and Mr. Douglas Stewart's sketch of a cynical police surgeon is beautifully done. I liked, too, the careless authority of Mr. Bernard Lee's young man from Scotland Yard.

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I can confidently recommend *Paganini*, the Lehar operette which Mr. C. B. Cochran presents at the Lyceum. Mr. Richard Tauber takes the name-part, and when he sings as magnificently as he does here, who cares if the historical Paganini happened to be a violinist and not a tenor? No one wishes Mr. Tauber to waste himself on the catgut. True, a fiddle is in his hands during most of the evening, but it remains mute until Paganini gives his recital at the Court of Lucca. How mute it is then one can scarcely say, for the player uses his bow in a half-light, and one's attention is diverted to a corps of graceful dancers whose flitting and posturing express the sensuous appeal of the music.

The story is based on Paganini's love affair with the Princess Anna Elisa of Lucca, a sister of Napoleon. Miss Evelyn Laye, looking every inch a Bonaparte, makes a triumphant return to the London stage in this role, and she and Mr. Tauber sing several charming duets besides their various solos. The comedy of the piece is safe with Mr. Charles Heslop, Miss Joan Panter and Mr. Esme Percy.

Mr. A. P. Herbert's witty lyrics and Lehar's carefree music mix well, and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production is especially skilful in its grouping and lighting.

PHILIP STOCKIL.

Gramophone Notes

Celebrities

THIS MONTH'S supplements of new records read like prospectuses for a series of International Celebrity Concerts. Among the pianists are Cortot, Paderewski and Petri; the fiddlers include Heifetz, Szigeti and Primrose; while at the head of the vocalists we find Kirsten Flagstad, Elizabeth Schumann, and Gigli.

Pride of place must be given to a recording of Tchaikowsky's "Violin Concerto," played by Heifetz, with John Barbirolli and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (four H.M.V. records, 24s.). Though excluded by most people from the small handful of really great violin concertos, I have a great affection for this work. Its simple lyricism is so unlike the tumultuous impetuosity of most of Tchaikowsky's music. It is essentially Russian in character, and yet is permeated with the classical spirit. Moreover, there is a surprising, almost Mozartian, economy of instrumentation in the accompaniment. There are no trombones, and no trumpets even in the slow movement. When first written, it was said to be impracticable, if not impossible, of performance. Leopold Auer declined the dedication for this reason. It is in the repertoire of many violinists to-day, however, though probably few could compete with Heifetz. His left-hand technique is amazing, and in these records it is equalled by the beauty of his phrasing and his impeccable intonation. A superb set of records.

Szigeti's choice is the Mozart "Sonata in E minor, K. 304" (one Columbia record, 6s.). This is one of six sonatas written in the first half of 1778, but it is quite unlike its companions. Indeed, it is quite unlike any previous sonata. Never before had anyone dared to express such drama and passion in classical form. It is an almost unbroken lament uttered in a spirit of brooding defiance. Probably it reflects Mozart's loneliness in Paris and the death of his mother. It is, however, a work of infinite beauty, and is magnificently played by Szigeti and his partner, Malagoff.

Henri Casadesus has discovered some new Handel material, and out of it has constructed a "Viola Concerto in B major," now played by William Primrose and a Chamber Orchestra conducted by W. Goehr (three Columbia records, 18s.). Where the new material was found, or in what form it was originally conceived, I do not know. Neither do I know how much is Handel, and how much Casadesus, but the final result is thoroughly satisfactory in every way, and is a valuable addition to the meagre repertoire for the viola. William Primrose gives a splendid account of himself, and it is good to find an Elisha assuming naturally and adequately the mantle of Elijah discarded so tragically and suddenly by Lionel Tertis a few weeks ago.

Comparatively simple music often reveals the truly great artist at his best. Such is the case, I feel, in a new recording of Schumann's "Papillons," by Cortot (two H.M.V. records, 8*s*.). The music is a series of short and slight movements in dance form, but many an amateur pianist has given them up in despair. The recording is more faithful to the pianist than has often been the case with Cortot. Particularly good is the recording of the long-sustained "organ" chords on the fourth side, terminating with the chord where the player is directed to take off the notes in the order in which they were played, leaving ultimately only a single note.

Last month Paderewski gave us Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," and this month we have it from Egon Petri (two Columbia records, 6*s*.). Where the former is sometimes dramatic and sometimes sentimental, the latter is stern and unbending. Petri is my choice in such music as this. His playing of the *presto* must be heard to be believed. The recording is excellent, though the tremendous weight of tone is nearly too much for it at times.

I like the Paderewski of Chopin's "Polonaise in A Flat major" (one H.M.V. record, 6*s*.) better than the Paderewski of the "Moonlight Sonata." The *rubato* in the quiet section half-way through the second side is the great Master at his very best.

The biggest in stature of the new piano works is to me the most disappointing. Mozart's so-called "Coronation Concerto" is not a *pièce d'occasion*, but it sounds rather like one. It owes its name to the fact that Mozart played it at a concert to raise funds to enable him to attend the coronation of Leopold II at Frankfurt in 1790. The soloist in these new records (four H.M.V., 24*s*.), is Mme Landowska, and I must confess that I should prefer her to remain faithful to the instrument she has made her own—the harpsichord. Her piano tone as here recorded is hard and brittle.

The clarinet is rarely heard as a solo instrument, far too rarely, indeed, for in the hands of a Frederick Thurston it can be charming. On a Decca half-crown record, Mr. Thurston, accompanied very discreetly by Myers Foggin, plays a "Largo" and "Allegro Giocoso" by Galuppi (arranged by Craxton), "A Truro Maggot," by Philip Browne, and a "Gigue," by C. H. Lloyd. A "maggot," by the way, is, I believe, the Tudor equivalent of a "best seller." A very jolly record.

The interest of the new vocal records lies in the singers, rather than the songs. Grieg's "Lys Natt" and "Der gynger en baat paa Bölge" are admirable to display Kirsten Flagstad's beautiful voice, but more I do not care to say, as I do not know Norwegian, and I have no translation available. (One H.M.V. record, 4*s*.)

Ziehrer's music is, to my ears, Strauss-and-water. Nevertheless, songs from "Der Landestreicher" and "Der Fremdenführer" are very charming, as warbled with consummate ease by Elizabeth Schumann (one H.M.V. record, 4*s*.). Incidentally, many people will be familiar with these airs, though probably not with the names.

Two Spanish songs, "Eres tu" and "Quisiera olvidar tus ojos," are not very exciting. The former is commonplace, and the latter is a very ordinary vocal setting of the popular tango by Albeniz. Gigli makes the most of them, of course. (One H.M.V. record, 4*s*.)

Brahms wrote his "Zigeunerlieder" for a vocal quartet with piano accompaniment, and it is difficult to understand why they should not have been recorded in this form, instead of in an arrangement for contralto solo. Nancy Evans does her best in a somewhat thankless job, and is ably supported by Myers Foggin on the piano, though the accompaniment is not uniformly well recorded. Two Decca records (8*s*.) are devoted to this attractive gipsy music, and I wish it could be re-recorded as conceived with Miss Evans as a member of the quartet party.

I like my last vocal record the best (Decca, 2*s*. 6*d*.). Erna Berger is joined by Viorica Ursuleac in the "Letter Duet" from Mozart's "Figaro," and by Schlusnus in "Reich mir die Hand," from "Don Giovanni." I prefer the latter sung in Italian, but in both duets the singing is stylish, and the voices are well matched.

IN BRIEF

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM and the London Philharmonic Orchestra are their usual attractive selves in Weber's "Der Freischütz Overture." The spaciousness of the reading is particularly likeable. (One Columbia record, 6*s*.)

Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra are incomparable in Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll." The music flows beautifully, and there is an attractive and entirely appropriate air of intimacy about the performance. (Two H.M.V. records, 12*s*.)

Finally, there is the Schubert Trio in B Flat major, played by the Elly Ney Trio (four Decca records, 16*s*.), and I do not know what to say about this. It is excellent value for money, and the recording is modern, but for me it cannot replace the old Cortot-Casals-Thibaud version, despite its age!

W. A. CHISLETT.

Literary Supplement

CLIFFORD OF THE CABAL. By C. H. HARTMANN. *Heinemann* 10*s.* 6*d.*

IN HIS previous works Mr. Hartmann has set so high a standard that when a new book by him is announced we expect a great deal, and no higher praise can be accorded to the present volume than to say that it is in every way worthy of its author. It is eminently readable, for Mr. Hartmann lets his learning sit lightly upon him, yet it unravels more than one knotty problem that has perplexed previous workers in the same field. The book is a very real contribution to the history of the period with which it deals.

Macaulay, no friendly critic, said of Clifford that " of the members of the Cabal he was the most respectable," though he hastened to qualify this praise, *more suo* where a Royalist was concerned, by adding that " he had strong though a lamentably perverted sense of duty and honour." Mr. Hartmann has had free access to the Clifford papers, and he shows us a statesman, rare in any age, but rarer still in the latter part of the seventeenth century, who was prepared to go out of public life for what he believed to be right, in this case the Roman Catholic religion. When the Test Act became law Clifford was still nominally an Anglican, and nothing would have been easier than to have conformed outwardly, but he chose that particular moment to be received into the Church of Rome. It was not politics, but it lifted the man above most of his contemporaries.

Perhaps the most valuable aspect of this volume is the light thrown on the Treaty of Dover, and Mr. Hartmann shows for the first time how deeply Clifford was implicated in that document. Curiously enough, Louis XIV seems to have been much more accurately informed of the state of English public opinion in matters religious than either Charles or Clifford, and he was continually advising caution. Clifford, indeed, allowed his judgment to be warped by his pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp of a reunion of the churches which has proved so attractive to later generations. Nothing can make the Treaty of Dover a particularly creditable document, but Mr. Hartmann shows that it is easier to defend than is commonly supposed.

Clifford died in the early forties, having made his way by merit from the position of a small Devonshire squire to that of one of the leading men of his time. It was a notable achievement, and his ability was only equalled by his versatility, for he was competent alike as a diplomat, a sailor, and a financier. The present author thinks it was well he did not live into the reign of James II, for his temperament would not have allowed him to have saved that

monarch from his fate. If so, then Clifford closed a successful career in the happiest possible manner, *felix opportunitate mortis*.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE THIRD MORALITY. By GERALD HEARD. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"THE THIRD MORALITY" is an attempt at outlining a system of ethics based on the world picture of modern science. If that strikes you as a proper and a possible undertaking you will appreciate this book. If you are oppressed by the kind of problems that haunt Mr. Aldous Huxley, if you share the intellectual difficulties of Mr. H. G. Wells, but not his self-sufficient vigour, if you have hoped but failed to find comfort in the "modernist" asperities of Barnes and Inge; if, in a word, you are any sort of bewildered "progressive" at the cross roads, tired of vainly asking the way of other "strangers in these parts," half inclined to accept the arbitrament of a spun coin but just deciding without much enthusiasm to turn *Left* in any case, here is Mr. Heard, popping up from nowhere like a "god from a machine" to show you the way to a nice cosy hostel, full of pleasant cultivated hikers like yourself, with whom you are bound to have ever such an *interesting* time.

"God from a machine" was Mr. Heard's cue, and a most appropriate one it is. For Mr. Heard's whole purpose in this book is to put God back into the Universal *Machine*, from which it appears He was too summarily excluded by Darwin and others.

The argument from which Mr. Heard derives his title is that there have been two main moralities in human history, and that a third is now taking shape. The first, according to Mr. Heard, was derived from a cosmology or world picture founded on the belief that the universe was "the expression of individual persons and then of one such supreme person." This he calls "anthropomorphism." The "Second Morality," which he calls "mechanomorphism," was based upon a world-picture which regarded the universe, including man, as a huge machine. The cosmology from which springs the Third Morality (as yet unnamed) "conceives the universe as being a mind which in certain aspects resembles the human mind and so to be contacted (*sic*) by the human mind when it attains a certain detachment from the contraction its individualized urgencies impose upon it. Historically the Second Morality (Mr. Heard's history, of course) began to supersede the First Morality with the publication of the writings of Galileo; and the transition was completed by the appearance of the works of Freud. "Newton," we are told, "banished God from nature, Darwin banished Him from life, Freud drove Him from the last fastness, the soul."

The triumph of mechanism appeared to be complete; the new authority of the inhibition and the libido had reinforced the older laws of gravity and thermodynamics; free will, and with it all moral responsibility, were relegated along with the outworn notion of divinity, to the *ewigkeit* of backward and ignorant superstitions. It seemed for a moment as if a Brave New World was already upon us—until the physicists (who had started the whole racket) began to whisper that there *might* be a god in the "machine" after all.

This news was hailed with delight in many circles. For there were many timid and worthy people of "advanced" views who were deeply shocked at what they *thought* was the result of their enlightenment. It was too bad that so much "high thinking" should have led ineluctably to the conclusion that there could be no Purpose in life, that the perfectibility of man was a myth, and that the ideals of Liberalism were therefore mere hallucination or mirage. Judge, therefore, of the relief that came from the discovery of the impredictable, the almost *wilful*, behaviour of the electron! Physics, the ultimate criterion of "reality," had proved that matter after all was unreal; subject and object, real and ideal, time and space were telescoped into a fluid and altogether *mental* continuum, where, with a modicum of slightly fanciful goodwill, Liberalism could live again, no longer "Eyeless in Gaza."

Such is the genesis of the Third Morality. Is it not (or is it?) surprising that whatever else may be said of this morality there is nothing very *new* about it? It will, however, bring much spiritual comfort and intellectual reassurance to devout believers in the merits of euthanasia, birth-control, abortion, kindness to animals, vegetarianism, deep breathing and weak China tea.

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

BANDITS IN A LANDSCAPE. A Study of Romantic Painting from Caravaggio to Delacroix. BY W. GAUNT. *Published by The Studio Limited.* 10s. 6d.

GOOD WRITERS on art are distressingly few, but Mr. Gaunt's new book entitles him to be included among the select band of writers on art who really have something important to say. His study of Romantic Painting is opportune, for it comes at a time when art-lovers are beginning to rediscover the beauties of Romantic art. The brutality of Caravaggio and the defiant romanticism of Salvator Rosa's work no longer shock modern sensibility, and we can find worth in a school of painting that produced such extraordinary painters as Magnasio and the little-known Monsu Desiderio.

Analysing the spirit of the period that saw the birth of a whole group of painters who gloried in the ruins and decay of an old

regime, Mr. Gaunt subtly traces the philosophic undercurrent that links such varied artists as Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, Guardi, Hubert Robert, and even Delacroix, to the same school. In a brilliant chapter, "The Annals of Ruin," the writer gives us the key that allows us to understand those vast canvasses of Claude, with their fantastic palaces dreaming beside a far-off sea.

"Claude," he points out, "is an architect of the impossible, and the quays and palaces on his sunlit shores are the meeting-places of ghosts; while Salvator points the moral of many an anarchic scene with the broken pillars of the past." In this reaction against an old society, the bandit became the symbol of the romantic desire for freedom. He was the hero of many of Salvator Rosa's paintings, and later, he was to be glorified by Byron and Delacroix. The bandit came to typify the struggle of the individual against society. Even his lawlessness appealed to the artist, who, disgusted with his environment, longed to escape and found a new society of his own. Mr. Gaunt then points out that, to the painter driven into this state of mind, "there was a sensation of relief in surveying the torn remnants of a powerful civilization, a buoyant uplifting of the spirit at the overthrow of some proud building which had long been a symbol of strength." Hence, this school of painters, who cherished ruins and extolled decay.

Space forbids me to outline the many interesting arguments that Mr. Gaunt brings to his defence of Romantic painting. I shall have to omit any comment on his fascinating chapter about Leopold Robert, the now forgotten early nineteenth-century Romantic Swiss painter, and I must pass over his studies of Gericault and Richard Wilson. However, this book is so full of good things that it must be read by all those who care for Romantic art. The book is illustrated with forty finely selected plates, and Mr. Gaunt's descriptions of the many paintings are amongst the best I have read.

DEREK PATMORE.

THE WHEEL TURNS. By GIAN DAULI. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
DEAD MAN LEADING. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE GARDENER WHO SAW GOD. By EDWARD JAMES. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
GO FIND A SHADOW. By KATHLEEN HEWITT. *Jarrolds.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"WITH ALL their defects, their perfidy, their ambiguity, their envy, their lies, their strong odours and perfumes, their rouge and powder and nastiness, and their illnesses into the bargain, poor women, how much more courageous, generous, patient, honest and faithful they are than we men."

This is one of the later reflections of Giovannino, Signor Dauli's hero, towards the end of the book, towards the end of his comparatively short life, and it gives a very fair idea of the curious mixture of hatred and love, violence and gentleness, baseness and nobility of which his character is composed. *The Wheel Turns* is Giovannino's autobiography and Signor Dauli introduces him to the reader by that charming old-fashioned device of the MS. entrusted to the editor by his dying friend. In this case there is every good reason for it, as it helps to emphasize and make more real the desperate last days of Giovannino.

The book is a fascinating picture of Italian middle-class life. Giovannino himself and most of his family are sex haunted and tormented to a degree which will seem strange to some English readers. Whether this sexual preoccupation is representative of the Italian middle-class, or whether it is peculiar to neurotics, is the sort of question which is very difficult to answer. Moreover, Signor Dauli does not make quite plain—I daresay he has very good reasons—what is his own opinion and intention, though he does remark in the introductory chapter, in which Giovannino, penniless and scholastic, hands over his MS. to his friend the novelist, that the whole story presents a wonderful account of the progressive degeneration of the bourgeoisie.

The family is evilly quarrelsome and hysterical. The mother is always screaming at her husband for having a mistress—which indeed he has—from time to time he loses his temper and they fight and have to be separated. Giovannino's uncle makes crude attempts to seduce and/or assault every young girl he can get hold of. This is the background against which are staged Giovannino's adventures with women. They lead up to the dreadful jealousy which attacks him when he finds that his mistress Sofia has lived with other men. (Sofia, incidentally, was first the object of "attentions" from his uncle and afterwards became with child by Giovannino when he himself was still hardly more than a child.) Meanwhile, Giovannino's brother, Marco, has seduced a girl so young that she is scarcely out of the nursery and dies in childbirth. But in even this incident, which seems to be the most horrible in the book, there is a passionate striving after tenderness. A terrible book in many respects, but besides that strange nobility of sentiment, it has also a great deal of typically Italian buffoonery and the various backgrounds to its emotional passages, particularly its street scenes, are teeming with life.

Mr. Pritchett's imaginative creation of the South American jungle in *Dead Man Leading* is brilliantly successful. His characters are three explorers and the relations between them is as follows: Lucy,

daughter of Wright the leader of the expedition, was the girl of the second member of the expedition called Phillips, but not very long before the expedition started she suddenly became the girl of the third and younger explorer, Harry Johnson. Further complications follow from the rumour that Harry Johnson's father is somewhere around in the jungle. Wright gets shot accidentally and Harry is half suspected of having half shot him. I am sure that Mr. Pritchett has not constructed his book to any psycho-analytical ground plan, but this tangle of fathers, sons, daughters, lovers, and disappearances into the undergrowth, does tempt one to apply the theories of the great Viennese Mage, particularly when, at the end, after Harry Johnson has been given up for lost, Phillips remarks that he was in love with his father. All this, however, is beside the point because the impression of emotional strain between the three men is most skilfully suggested and the factual description of river and jungle travel is brilliant. This is the most powerful book Mr. Pritchett has yet produced.

Mr. James's gardener sees God in a mystical vision induced by the Chelsea Flower Show and Beethoven. It is deliberately and frankly mystical but neatly told with a precision which is rare in mystics—the majority of whom seem to be better at fits than starts—and also with a good deal of humour. The skill with which high and low life, the potting-shed and the drawing-room, are presented to the reader, while still following the fortunes of the gardener is really considerable.

Go Find a Shadow is a lively biographical novel about a very tall young man—6 ft. 6 in.—and his love affairs, which include an unpleasantly shallow young woman called Erica and an exceedingly active beauty called Mari Christie with whom he finally unites, having first married her and separated from her. Miss Hewitt writes really very well and her dialogue is full of punch. She might sell in large quantities if she could tighten up her narrative, which seems to me at present rather loose.

MAURICE RICHARDSON.

THE LIFE OF JOHN SELL COTMAN. By SYDNEY D. KITSON. *Faber & Faber.* 25*s.*

THE PUBLICATION of a full-length biography of John Sell Cotman, who must rank with his contemporaries, Girtin, Turner and Constable, as one of the greatest masters of landscape in England in the nineteenth century, is an event of the first importance. Mr. Kitson has in fact performed with conspicuous success what must

have been for him not so much a task as a labour of love. For Mr. Kitson's qualifications as a biographer of Cotman are indeed pre-eminent. Not only does he possess a magnificently representative collection of Cotman's work, but he has for many years past steeped himself in the study of Cotman's life and times, and has seen and noted practically all the known examples of his work. He has, moreover, been aided by the artist's frequent habit of dating his drawings and, where undated, by his own intimate knowledge of Cotman's style. In addition, Mr. Kitson has had access to numerous letters written by Cotman both to his artist sons, Miles Edmund, and John Joseph Cotman, and also to his life-long friend and patron, Dawson Turner, a Yarmouth banker, as well as numerous other contemporary records. As a result Mr. Kitson has been able to construct not only a coherent and well-ordered record, but has also written a biography of real human interest. While to the expert the book with more than 150 carefully chosen illustrations and a description of many hundreds of Cotman's oil paintings, water-colours, drawings and etchings is essential to any critical study of Cotman's work.

That Cotman's genius received but little recognition during his lifetime is a fate commonly shared by great artists, and the reasons for this neglect by his contemporaries clearly emerge from the book. Thus Mr. Kitson considers that Cotman's drawings " were a hundred years ahead of their time," and shows that, for instance, the superb series of open-air landscapes which Cotman painted of the River Greta at Rokeby in Yorkshire in 1805 were unlikely to be appreciated or purchased by a public whose taste had been moulded by the more formal and often artificial landscape artists of the eighteenth century.

But Mr. Kitson also shows that Cotman himself was often his own worst enemy. He holds that he was " mercurial and eager for instant recognition and praise," and also " a timid man with all an artist's quick tendency to visualise imaginary future calamity." Cotman, he writes, " was fearful of poverty and worldly failure, and so he never played for big stakes, but always followed the sheltered way with an energy worthy of a more adventurous journey." As Cotman's life is unfolded in this book there is ample evidence of the justice of these statements. Moreover, in contrast to Turner, Cotman is revealed as unbusinesslike and dilatory in his affairs. " Unlike most others, and emphatically unlike Cotman, Turner combined the attributes of a creative artist with those of a successful business man. Cotman followed the latter's career with wistful envy and sometimes he tried to imitate the methods of a great artist who was also a great money-maker." Constable, his other great contemporary, was fortunate in being a man of independent means. But as Mr. Kitson remarks : " No one left Cotman

a legacy such as enabled Constable to plod on without encouragement or clients until he reached the goal which he had set himself to attain."

Instead, we find that Cotman was compelled to spend the greater part of his life as a drawing master, first in his native town of Norwich, and subsequently in Yarmouth, where for eleven years he taught drawing to Dawson Turner's wife and daughters. He was thus far removed from London, where he might have met with success and recognition, and it was not until 1834, when he was more than 50, that he returned to London, still, however, as a drawing master, on his appointment as Professor of Drawing at King's College, London, a position he held until his death in 1842.

Yet, drawing master though he remained, Cotman in the intervals of his drudgery succeeded in producing work of a freshness, a vigour and a solidity which struck an entirely new note in landscape painting, and which entitle him to a high place among the landscape artists of the world.

JOHN WITT.

SHORTER NOTICES

BELGRADE SLANT. By JOHN D. EVANS. *Hurst & Blackett.* 5*s.*

IN THESE times, when it is fashionable to know more about Middle Europe than one's own country, Mr. Evans's book should receive a warm welcome. Dealing, as it does, with Yugoslavia, it treats of a country which, though important in the European scheme of things, has not yet received its proportionate meed of attention. Mr. Evans, in his original book, has done his best to correct this.

THE CONTROLLING MINDS OF ASIA. By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH. *Herbert Jenkins.* 15*s.*

IT WOULD be a bold man who would venture to prophesy with any degree of confidence the future of our Empire in Asia. Anybody with an interest in the public affairs of this country should know something of the personalities who may exercise an influence on that future. Sirdar Ali Shah has covered extensive ground in his interesting review of leading Asiatic personalities, and the stock of information of the ordinary reader will be the richer for its perusal. There are, however, one or two surprising omissions, notably that of Mr. Nehru, whom we should have expected to have been included in such a volume at the present time.

MEDITERRANEAN MEMORIES. By MAJOR PONDER. *Stanley Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ANOTHER TRAVEL story by a soldier. Without having pretensions to being great literature, it contains a good deal to interest and amuse the public for this variety of book.

WOLFE TONE. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Nelson.* 5*s.*

WHAT DO you know of Wolfe Tone? Most people have heard his name in connection with the incident in the 1790's; and lawyers know about him because his case is important in constitutional law. He was, however, a very interesting personality, about whom there is much more to be known, as can be read in this most interesting account of him.

PHULMAT OF THE HILLS. By VERRIER ELWIN. *John Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

AN UNUSUAL story dealing with the Gonds, a little-known tribe of Indian aboriginals.

MR. WITT AMONG THE REBELS. By RAMÓN J. SENDER. *Faber & Faber.* 7*s.*

AN INTERESTING historical novel dealing with the Civil War in Spain of 1876. Recent events have, of course, given this book an added topicality, but it is of considerable interest independent of that.

Correspondence

To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—I was very interested in the letter of Mr. Roger S. Falk in your May issue. Mr. Falk claims that the votes which the British Union candidates obtained during the East-End L.C.C. Election were drawn entirely from former Right-wing supporters, and were also not " working-class " votes.

I see, however, that Mr. Falk apparently defines a " working-class " person as a " rank-and-file member of the Labour Party." I should say that a better definition of " working-class " was a member of the dispossessed proletariat.

Having spent a good deal of time in East London both before and during the L.C.C. campaign, I cannot agree with Mr. Falk's very rough analysis of the voting. The votes which the British Union obtained were drawn from the working-class elements, which predominate in the three areas that we contested. Moreover, being a National Socialist movement, our policy appeals to persons who had formerly been Socialists (of the international variety), and to those who had formerly been Conservatives. The most interesting and the most accurate analysis of the voting is given in the *Jewish Chronicle* of a few weeks ago. It says :—

> " The opinion was expressed that the overwhelming majority of voters for the Fascists had been drawn from the workers and not from the middle-class elements. There had been a combination of several types of working-class elements, influenced by Fascist propaganda. They included some unemployed, and many wives of unemployed workers. (Mosley held a meeting one afternoon in Bethnal Green at which 350 working-class women had been present.) Many ' lumpen proletariat,' a number of municipal workers who held a trade union card and who were dissatisfied with conditions under Labour Borough Councils, some Catholics, many unorganized workers in small workshops and factories (such as furniture workers), costermongers, and stallholders who felt that the Jews were depriving them of their livelihood, and a large number of shopkeepers, were all judged to have voted for the B.U.F."

Yours faithfully,

MARGARET COLLINS,
For the British Union of Fascists
and National Socialists.

To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—In your monthly number of March, a chapter upon " Britain and Imperial Italy," by Major Polson Newman, has particularly

drawn my attention. Much has been already written upon Italian conquest over Abyssinia, and its impression on people of different countries, but I have not yet come upon any article in which the matter is dealt with with so much knowledge and understanding.

The first thing to be noted is the writer's statement on the determining factors which led Italy to the conquest of Abyssinia. The author has gone straight into the matter when he finds out the true reason which brought to war, such as acute needs for raw materials, necessity of finding some new land for emigration and work, thus avoiding any explanation upon the mere ground of ambition and nationalism. The writer's psychological description of Italian character and the moral effect of Abyssinian conquest upon the people of Italy, is also worth every praise and sympathy.

But the most important part of the question discussed by Major Polson Newman is the one dealing with the relations between Great Britain and Italy. As the author expresses it in very happy words, the temporary controversy which had arisen between the two countries now belongs to the past. There is, at the present moment in Italy, a feeling of absolute friendliness towards Britain. The necessity of a close friendship between the two nations is the view of most thinking people, for the good of both countries, and because of the many economic and intellectual bonds which have existed between the two people since olden times.

Now that a friendly settlement has been made, there is no more reason why any misunderstanding should subsist between the English and the Italians, and it is the duty of all those who earnestly wish such a friendship to endeavour to create a friendly atmosphere. Major Polson Newman is certainly aware of the importance of such a task, and the noble opinion he has given upon the matter must be appreciated all the more, being that of a soldier of the great British Empire, who in such capacity is able to consider things more soundly than anyone else. Perhaps it is thanks to him, and to all those who firmly sustain the same view, that further developments of the "Gentlemen's Agreement," such as the visit paid by the British Legion to the Duce, have recently taken place. It is to be hoped that more success will still be obtained in this way.

I would like Major Polson Newman to know that many Italians and myself are most grateful for the generous feelings he expressed, and that personally I shall give every contribution for the sake of our friendship.

Yours truly,

A. D. STROLOGO.